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DATE : FEBRUARY 2017

THE REHEARSAL.

A

COMEDY.

AS WRITTEN BY

BY GEORGE, LATE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS ORIGINALLY PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRU[illegible] LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

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43783

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A KEY, OR CRITICAL VIEW OF THE AUTHORS, AND THEIR WRITINGS, EXPOSED IN THIS PLAY.

The Lines distinguished by Inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation; and those printed in Italics are the Alterations of the Theatre.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

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M DCC XCVI.

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PROLOGUE.

We might well call this short mock-play of ours
A posy made of weeds instead of flowers;
Yet such have been presented to your noses,
And there are such, I fear, who thought them roses.
Would some of them were here, to see, this night,
What stuff it is in which they took delight!
Were brisk, insipid rogues, for wit, let fall
Sometimes dull sense, but oft'ner none at all;
There strutting heroes, with a grim-fac'd train,
Shall brave the gods in King Cambyses' vein;
For (changing rules, of late, as if men writ
In spite of reason, nature, art and wit)
Our poets make us laugh at tragedy,
And with their comedies they make us cry.
Now, critics, do your worst, that here are met;
For, like a rook, I have bedg'd in my bet.
If you approve, I shall assume the state
Of those high-flyers whom I imitate;
And justly too, for I will teach you more,
Than ever they would let you know before:
I will not only shew the feats they do,
But give you all their reasons for them too.
Some honour may to me from hence arise:
But if, by my endeavours, you grow wise,
And what you once so prais'd, shall now despise;
Then I'll cry out, swell'd with poetic rage,
'Tis I, John Lacy, have reform'd your stage!

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

Bayes,	Mr. Henderson.
Johnson,	Mr. Palmer.
Smith,	Mr. Aickin.
Two Kings of Brentford,	Mr. Waldron.
	Mr. Jacobs.
Prince Prettyman,	Mr. Hurst.
Prince Volscius,	Mr. Packer.
Gentleman-Usher,	Mr. Baddeley.
Physician,	Mr. Moody.
Drawcansir,	Mr. Bransby.
Lieut. General,	Mr. Farren.
Cordelia,	Mr. Burton.
Tom Thumb,	Mr. Weston.
Fisherman,	Mr. Griffith.
Son,	Mr. Kear.
Thunder,	Mr. Wrighten.
Players,	
Soldiers,	
Two Heralds,	
Lightning,	Master Pulley.
Moon,	Mr. Fawcett.
Earth,	Mr. Legg.
Four Cardinals, Mayor, Judges, Serjeant at Arms, }	Mutes.

Women.

Amaryllis,	Mrs. Davley.
Cloris,	Miss Platt.
Parthenope,	Miss Collet.
Pallas,	Mr. Parsons.

Attendance of Men and Women.

Scene, *Brentford.*

THE REHEARSAL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

JOHNSON *and* SMITH *enter.*

Johnson.

HONEST Frank, I am glad to see thee, with all my heart. How long hast thou been in town?

Smith. Faith, not above an hour; and if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out; for I long to talk with you freely of all the strange new things we have heard in the country.

Johns. And by my troth, I have longed as much to laugh with you at all the impertinent, dull, fantastical things we are tired out with here.

Smith. Dull and fantastical! that's an excellent composition. "Pray, what are our men of business doing?

"*Johns.* I ne'er enquire after them. Thou knowest my "humour lies another way. I love to please myself as much, "and to trouble others as little as I can; and therefore do "naturally avoid the company of those solemn fops, who, "being incapable of reason, and insensible of wit and plea-"sure, are always looking grave, and troubling one ano-"ther, in hopes to be thought men of business.

"*Smith.* Indeed I have ever observed, that your grave "lookers are the dullest of men.

"*Johns.* Ay, and of birds and beasts too; your gravest "bird is an owl, and your gravest beast is an ass.

"*Smith.*" Well, but how dost thou pass thy time?

Johns. Why, as I used to do; eat, drink as well as I can, have a she friend to be private with in the afternoon, and sometimes see a play; where there are such things, Frank, such hideous, monstrous things, that it has almost made me forswear the stage, and resolve to apply myself to the solid nonsense of your men of business, as the more ingenious pastime.

Smith. I have heard indeed you have had lately many new plays; and our country wits commend them.

Johns. Ay, so do some of our city wits too; but they are of the new kind of wits.

Smith. New kind! what kind is that?

Johns. Why, your virtuosi, your civil persons, your drolls; fellows that scorn to imitate nature, but are given altogether to elevate and surprise.

Smith. Elevate and surprize! Pr'ythee, make me understand the meaning of that.

Johns. Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter; I don't understand that myself. 'Tis a phrase they have got amongst them, to express their no-meaning by. I'll tell you as near as I can what it is. Let me see; 'tis fighting, loving, sleeping, rhyming, dying, dancing, singing, crying, and every thing but thinking and sense.

[Mr. Bayes passes over the stage.

Bayes. Your most obsequious, and most observant, very servant, sir.

Johns. God so! this is an author: I'll go fetch him to you.

Smith. No, pr'ythee, let him alone.

Johns. Nay, by the lord I'll have him. [*Goes after him.*

and brings him back.] Here he is; I have caught him. Pray, sir, now, for my sake, will you do a favour to this friend of mine?

Bayes. Sir, it is not within my small capacity to do favours, but receive them; especially from a person that does wear the honourable title you are pleased to impose, sir, upon this——Sweet sir, your servant.

Smith. Your humble servant, sir.

Johns. But wilt thou do me a favour now?

Bayes. Ay, sir: what is it?

Johns. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last play.

Bayes. How, sir, the meaning! Do you mean the plot?

Johns. Ay, ay, any thing.

Bayes. Faith, sir, the intrigo's now quite out of my head; but I have a new one in my pocket, that I may say is a virgin; it has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you one thing, 'tis all new wit, and, tho' I say it, a better than my last; and you know well enough how that took. (1)* In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot, and shew; ay, and pit, box, and gallery, 'egad, with any play in Europe. This morning is its last rehearsal, in their habits, and all that, as it is to be acted; and if you and your friend will do it but the honour to see it in its virgin attire, tho' perhaps it may blush, I shall not be ashamed to discover its nakedness unto you. I think it is in this pocket.

[*Puts his hand in his pocket.*

Johns. Sir, I confess I am not able to answer you in this new way; but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you, and I hope my friend will do so too.

Smith. Sir, I have no business so considerable as should keep me from your company.

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* These figures refer to the notes in the Key.

Bayes. Yes, here it is. No, cry your mercy; this is my book of Drama Common-places, the mother of many other plays.

Johns. Drama Common places! Pray, what's that?

Bayes. Why, sir, some certain helps that we men of art have found it convenient to make use of.

Smith. How, sir, helps for wit!

Bayes. Ay, sir, that's my position; and I do here aver, that no man yet the sun ere shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a stage, except it were by the help of these my rules. (2)

Johns. What are those rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *regula duplex*, changing verse into prose, and prose into verse alternative, as you please.

Smith. Well, but how is this done by rule, sir?

Bayes. Why thus, sir; nothing so easy, when understood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere, for that's all one; if there be any wit in't, as there is no book but has some, I transverse it; that is, if it be prose, put it into verse, (but that takes up some time;) and if it be verse, put it into prose.

Johns. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verse into prose, should be called transprosing.

Bayes. By my troth, sir, it is a very good notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

Smith. Well, sir, and what do you do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own: 'tis so changed, that no man can know it. My next rule is the rule of record, by way of table-book. Pray, observe.

Johns. We hear you, sir: go on.

Bayes. As thus: I come into a coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort; I make as if I minded no-

thing; (do you mark?) but as soon as any one speaks, pop, I slap it down, and make that too my own.

Johns. But, Mr. Bayes, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore by force what you have gotten thus by art?

Bayes. No, sir, the world's unmindful; they never take notice of these things.

Smith. But, pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, sir, that's my third rule, that I have here in my pocket.

Smith. What rule can that be, I wonder!

Bayes. Why, sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but presently turn over this book, and there I have, at one view, all that Persius, Montaigne, Seneca's tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject; and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

Johns. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, this is an sure and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sir, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my rules, do but come to the play-house, and you shall judge of them by the effects.

Smith. We'll follow you, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Three Players enter on the Stage.

1*st Play.* Have you your part perfect?

2*d Play.* Yes, I have it without book; but I don't understand how it is to be spoken.

3*d Play.* And mine is such a one, as I can't guess, for my

life, what humour I'm to be in, whether angry, melancholy, merry, or in love, I don't know what to make on't.

1st Play. Phoo! the author will be here presently, and he'll tell us all. You must know, this is the new way of writing, and these hard things please forty times better than the old plain way: for, look you, sir, the grand design upon the stage is to keep the auditors in suspence; for to guess presently at the plot and the sense, tires them before the end of the first act. Now here every line surprises you, and brings in new matter: and then, for scenes, clothes, and dances, we quite put down all that ever went before us; and those are things, you know, that are essential to a play.

2d Play. Well, I am not of thy mind: but so it gets us money, 'tis no great matter.

BAYES, JOHNSON, *and* SMITH, *enter.*

Bayes. Come, come in, gentlemen; you're very welcome. Mr —a—ha' you your part ready?

1st Play. Yes, sir.

Bayes. But do you understand the true humour of it?

1st Play. Ay, sir, pretty well.

Bayes. And Amaryllis, how does she do? Does not her armour become her?

3d Play. Oh, admirably!

Bayes. I'll tell you now a pretty conceit. What do you think I'll make them call her anon in this play?

Smith. What, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I make them call her Armaryllis, because of her armour, ha, ha, ha!

Johns. That will be very well, indeed.

Bayes. [*To the Players.*] Go, get yourselves ready.

[*Exeunt Players.*

Ay, 'tis a pretty little rogue; I knew her face would set off armour extremely: and, to tell you true, I write that part only for her—You must know, she is my mistress. (3)

Johns. Then I know another thing, little Bayes, that thou hast had her, 'egad.

Bayes. No, 'egad, not yet; but I'm sure I shall; for I have talked bawdy to her already.

Johns. Hast thou, faith? "Pr'ythee, how was that?

"*Bayes.* Why, sir, there is in the French tongue a cer-"tain criticism, which, by the variation of the masculine "adjective instead of the feminine, makes a quite dif-"ferent signification of the word: as for example, *ma vie* "is my life; but if before *vie* you put *mon*, instead of *ma*, "you make it bawdy.

"*Johns.* Very true, sir.

"*Bayes.* Now, sir, I have observed, as I set a trap for "her the other day in the tyring-room; for this, said I, "*adieu bel espomme de ma vie*, (which, 'egad, is very pret-"ty:) to which she answered, I vow, almost as prettily, "every jot; for she said, *songes à ma vie, Monsieur*. Where-"upon I presently snapped this upon her, *Non non, Madam* "——*Songes vous à mon*, by Gad, and named the thing di-"rectly to her.

"*Smith.* This is one of the richest stories, Mr. Bayes, "that I ever heard of."

Bayes. Ay, let me alone; 'egad, when I get to them, I'll nick them, I warrant you. But I'm a little nice; for, you must know, at this time I am kept by another woman in the city.

Smith. How, kept! For what?

Bayes. Why, for a *beau garçon*; I am, i'fackins.

Smith. Nay, then ye shall never have done.

Bayes. And the rogue is so fond of me, Mr. Johnson, that, I vow to Gad I know not what to do with myself.

Johns. Do with thyself! No, I wonder how thou canst make shift to hold out at this rate.

Bayes. Oh, devil! I can toil like a horse; only sometimes it makes me melancholy; and then, I vow to Gad, for a whole day together I am not able to say you one good thing, if it were to save my life.

Smith. That we do verily believe, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. And that's the only thing, 'egad, which mads me in my amours; for I'll tell you, as a friend, Mr. Johnson, my acquaintance, I hear, begin to give out that I am dull—Now I am the farthest from it in the whole world, 'egad; but only, forsooth, they think I am so, because I can say nothing.

Johns. Phoo, pox! that's ill-natur'dly done of them.

Bayes. Ay, 'gad, there's no trusting of these rogues—But—a—come, let's sit down. Look you, sirs, the chief hinge of this play, upon which the whole plot moves and turns, and that causes the variety of all the several accidents, which, you know, are the things in nature that make up the grand refinement of a play, is, that I suppose two kings of the same place (as for example, at Brentford: for I love to write familiarly. Now the people having the same relations to them both, the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience, and all that, are divided amongst themselves in point of devoir and interest, how to behave themselves equally between them. These kings differing sometimes in particular, tho' in the main they agree——I know not whether I make myself well understood.

Johns. I did not observe you, sir. Pray, say that again.

Bayes. Why, look you, sir; nay, I beseech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this; (or else you'll never understand my notion of the thing) the people being embarrassed by their equal ties to both, and the sovereigns concerned in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own interest,

as the good of the people, they make a certain kind of a—— you understand me—— Upon which, there do arise several disputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that—— In fine, you'll understand it better when you see it.

[*Exit to call the Players.*

Smith. I find the author will be very much obliged to the players, if they can make any sense out of this.

BAYES *re-enters.*

Bayes. Now, gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing; I have made a prologue and an epilogue, which may both serve for either, (5) that is, the prologue for the epilogue, or the epilogue for the prologue: (do you mark?) nay, they may both serve too, 'egad, for any other play as well as this.

Smith. Very well; that's indeed artificial.

Bayes. And I would fain ask your judgments now, which of them would do best for the prologue. For, you must know, there is, in nature, but two ways of making very good prologues. The one is by civility, by insinuation, good language, and all that, to——a——in a manner, steal your plaudit from the courtesy of the auditors: the other, by making use of some certain personal things, which may keep a bank upon such censuring persons, as cannot otherways, 'egad, in nature, be hindered from being too free with their tongues; to which end, my first prologue is, that I come out in a long black veil, and a great huge hangman behind me, with a furr'd cap, and his sword drawn; and there tell them plainly, that if, out of good nature, they will not like my play, 'egad, I'll e'en kneel down, and he shall cut my head off. Whereupon they all fall a clapping——a——

Smith. Ay, but suppose they don't.

Bayes. Suppose! Sir, you may suppose what you please;

I have nothing to do with your suppose, sir; nor am at all mortified at it; not at all, sir; 'egad, not one jot, sir. Suppose, quoth-a!——ha, ha, ha! [*Walks away.*

Johns. Phoo! pr'ythee, Bayes, don't mind what he says: he's a fellow newly come out of the country; he knows nothing of what's the relish here of the town.

Bayes. If I writ, sir, to please the country, I should have followed the old plain way; but I write for some persons of quality, and peculiar friends of mine, that understand what flame and power in writing is; and they do me right, sir, to approve of what I do.

Johns. Ay, ay, they will clap, I warrant you; never fear it.

Bayes. I'm sure the design is good; that cannot be denied. And then for language, 'egad, I defy them all in nature to mend it. Besides, sir, I have printed above a hundred sheets of paper, to insinuate the plot into the boxes; (6) and withal, have appointed two or three dozen of my friends to be ready in the pit, who, I'm sure will clap, and so, the rest, you know, must follow: and then, pray, sir, what becomes of your suppose? Ha, ha, ha!

Johns. Nay, if the business be so well laid, it cannot miss.

Bayes. I think so, sir; and therefore would chuse this to be the prologue. For if I could engage them to clap before they see the play, you know it would be so much the better, because then they were engaged: for let a man write ever so well, there are, now a-days, a sort of persons (7) they call critics, that, 'egad, have no more wit in them than so many hobby-horses; but they'll laugh at you, sir, and find fault, and censure things, that, 'egad, I'm sure they are not able to do themselves. A sort of envious persons, that emulate the glories of persons of parts, and think to build their fame, by calumniating of persons, that, 'egad to my know-

ledge, of all persons in the world are, in nature, the persons that do as much despise all that as—a—In fine, I'll say no more of them.

Johns. Nay, you have said enough of them, in all conscience; I'm sure more than they'll e'er be able to answer.

Bayes. Why, I'll tell you, sir, sincerely, and *bona fide*, were it not for the sake of some ingenious persons, and choice female spirits, that have a value for me, I would see them all hang'd, 'egad, before I would e'er set pen to paper, but let them live in ignorance, like ingrates.

Johns. Ay, marry, that were a way to be revenged of them indeed; and if I were in your place, now, I would do so.

Bayes. No, sir; there are certain ties upon me, that I cannot be disengaged from, otherwise I would. (8) But, pray, sir, how do you like my hangman?

Smith. By my troth, sir, I should like him very well.

Bayes. But how do you like it, sir? (for I see you can judge.) Would you have it for a prologue or the epilogue?

Johns. Faith, sir, 'tis so good, let it e'en serve for both.

Bayes. No, no, that won't do. Besides, I have made another.

Johns. What other, sir?

Bayes. Why, sir, my other is thunder and lightning.

Johns. That's greater; I rather stick to that.

Bayes. Do you think so? I'll tell you, then; though there have been many witty prologues written of late, yet I think you'll say this is a *non pareille*: I'm sure nobody has hit upon it yet. For, here, sir, I make my prologue to be a dialogue; and as, in my first, you see, I strive to oblige the auditors by civility, by good nature, good language, and all that; so in this, by the other way, *in terrorem*, I chuse for the persons Thunder and Lightning. Do you apprehend the conceit?

Johns. Phoo, pox! then you have it cock-sure. They'll

be hanged before they'll dare to affront an author that has them at that lock.

Bayes. I have made, too, one of the most delicate, dainty similes in the whole world, 'egad, if I knew but how to apply it.

Smith. Let's hear it, I pray you.

Bayes. 'Tis an allusion of love. (9)

So boar and sow, when any storm is nigh,
Snuff up, and smell it gath'ring in the sky;
Boar beckons sow to trot in chesnut groves,
And there consummate their unfinish'd loves.
Pensive in mud they wallow all alone,
And snore and gruntle to each other's moan.

How do you like it now, ha?

Johns. Faith, 'tis extraordinary fine, and very applicable to thunder and lightning, methinks, because it speaks of a storm.

Bayes. 'Egad, and so it does, now I think on't. Mr. Johnson, I thank you; and I'll put it in *proficuo*. Come out, Thunder and Lightning.

THUNDER *and* LIGHTNING *enter.*

Thun. I am the bold Thunder. (10)

Bayes. Mr. Cartwright, pr'ythee, speak that a little louder, and with a hoarse voice. I am the bold Thunder. Pshaw! speak it me in a voice that thunders it out indeed. I am the bold Thunder.

Thun. I am the bold Thunder.

Light. The brisk Lightning I.

Bayes. Nay, but you must be quick and nimble——The brisk Lightning I. That's my meaning.

Thun. I'm the bravest Hector of the sky.

Light. And I fair Helen that made Hector die.

Thun. I strike men down.

Light. I fire the town.

Thun. Let critics take heed how they grumble, (11)
For then I begin for to rumble.

Light. Let the ladies allow us their graces,
Or I'll blast all the paint on their faces,
And dry up their Peter to soot.

Thun. Let the critics look to't.

Light. Let the ladies look to't.

Thun. For Thunder will do't.

Light. For Lightning will shoot.

Thun. I'll give you dash for dash.

Light. I'll give you flash for flash.
Gallants, I'll singe your feather.

Thun. I'll thunder you together.

Both. Look to't, look to't; we'll do't, we'll do't; look o't, we'll do't. [*Twice or thrice repeated.*

Bayes. There; no more. [*Exeunt ambo.*] 'Tis but a flash of a prologue; a droll.

Smith. Yes, 'tis short indeed, but very terrible.

Bayes. Ay, when the simile's in, it will do to a miracle, 'egad. Come, come, begin the play.

First Player *enters.*

1st Play. Sir, Mr. Ivory is not come yet, but he'll be here presently; he's but two doors off. (12)

Bayes. Come then, gentlemen, let's go out and take a pipe of tobacco. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

BAYES, JOHNSON, *and* SMITH *enter.*

Bayes.

Now, sir, because I'll do nothing here that ever was done before, instead of beginning with a scene that discovers something of the plot, I begin this play with a whisper. (1)

Smith. Umph! very new, indeed.

Bayes. Come, take your seats. Begin, sirs.

Gentleman-Usher *and* Physician *enter.*

Phys. Sir, by your habit, I should guess you to be the gentleman-usher of this sumptuous palace.

Ush. And by yout gait and fashion, I should almost suspect you rule the healths of both our noble kings, under the notion of physician.

Phys. You hit my function right.

Ush. And you mine.

Phys. Then let's embrace.

Ush. Come.

Phys. Come.

Johns. Pray, sir, who are those so very civil persons?

Bayes. Why, sir, the gentleman-usher and physician of the two kings of Brentford.

Johns. But, pray, then, how comes it to pass that they know one another no better?

Bayes. Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the plot.

Johns. Very well.

Phys. Sir, to conclude———

Smith. What, before he begins?

Bayes. No, sir, you must know they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

Smith. Where? In the tyring-room?

Bayes. Why, ay, sir—He's so dull!——Come, speak again.

Phys. Sir, to conclude, the place you fill has more than amply exacted the talents of a wary pilot; and all these threatning storms, which, like impregnate clouds, hover o'er our heads, will (when they once are grasp'd but by the eye of reason) melt into fruitful showers of blessings on the people.

Bayes. Pray, mark that allegory! Is not that good?

John. Yes, that grasping of a storm with the eye is admirable.

Phys. But yet some rumours great are stirring; and if Lorenzo should prove false, (which none but the great gods can tell) you then, perhaps, would find that—— [*Whispers.*

Bayes. Now he whispers.

Usb. Alone, do you say?

Phys. No; attended with the noble—— [*Whispers.*

Bayes. Again.

Usb. Who, he in grey?

Phys. Yes; and at the head of—— [*Whispers.*

Bayes. Pray, mark.

Usb. Then, sir, most certain 'twill in time appear,
These are the reasons that have mov'd him to it:
First, he——— [*Whispers.*

Bayes. Now, the other whispers.

Usb. Secondly, they——— [*Whispers.*

Bayes. At it still.

Usb. Thirdly, and lastly, both he and they———
[*Whispers.*

Bayes. Now they both whisper. [*Exeunt whispering.*

Now, gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a play?

Johns. In troth, I think it is, sir. But why two kings of the same place?

Bayes. Why, because 'tis new; and that's it I aim at. I despise your Johnson and Beaumont, that borrowed all they writ from nature: I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancy, I.

Smith. But what think you of Sir John Suckling?

Bayes. By Gad, I am a better poet than he.

Smith. Well, sir; but, pray, why all this whispering?

Bayes. Why, sir, (besides that it is new, as I told you before) because they are supposed to be politicians; and matters of state ought not to be divulged.

Smith. But then, sir, why——

Bayes. Sir, if you'll but respite your curiosity till the end of the fifth act, you'll find it a piece of patience not ill recompensed. [*Goes to the door.*

Johns. How dost thou like this, Frank? Is it not just as I told thee?

Smith. Why, I never did before this see any thing in nature, and all that, (as Mr. Bayes says) so foolish, but I could give some guess at what moved the fop to do it: but this, I confess, does go beyond my reach.

"*Johns.* It is all alike; Mr. Wintershall has informed "me of this play already. (2) And I'll tell thee, Frank, "thou shalt not see one scene here worth one farthing, or "like any thing thou can'st imagine has ever been the prac- "tice of the world. And then, when he comes to what he "calls good language, it is, as I told thee, very fantas- "cal, most abominably dull, and not one word to the "purpose.

"*Smith.* It does surprize me, I'm sure, very much."

Johns. "Ay, but it won't do so long." By that time thou hast seen a play or two, that I'll show thee, thou wilt be pretty well acquainted with this new kind of foppery.

Smith. Pox on't, but there's no pleasure in him: he's too gross a fool to be laughed at.

BAYES *enters.*

Johns. I'll swear, Mr. Bayes, you have done this scene most admirably: tho', I must tell you, sir, it is a very difficult matter to pen a whisper well.

Bayes. Ay, gentlemen, when you come to write yourselves, on my word, you'll find it so.

Johns. Have a care of what you say, Mr. Bayes; for Mr. Smith, there, I assure you, has written a great many fine things already.

Bayes. Has he, i'fackins? Why, then, I pray, sir, how do you do when you write?

Smith. Faith, sir, for the most part, I am in pretty good health.

Bayes. Ay, but I mean, what do you do when you write?

Smith. I take pen, ink, and paper, and sit down.

Bayes. Now I write standing, that's one thing; and then another thing is, with what do you prepare yourself?

Smith. Prepare myself! What the devil does the fool mean?

Bayes. Why, I'll tell you now what I do. If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets to Armida, (3) and the like, I make use of stew'd prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take physic, and let blood: for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part. In fine, you must purge the belly.

Smith. By my troth, sir, this is a most admirable receipt for writing.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis my secret; and, in good earnest, I think, one of the best I have.

Smith. In good faith, sir, and that may very well be.

Bayes. May be, sir! 'Egad, I'm sure on't. *Experto crede Roberto.* But I must give you this caution by the way, be sure you never take snuff when you write. (4)

Smith. Why so, sir?

Bayes. Why, it spoiled me once, 'egad, one of the sparkishest plays in all England. But a friend of mine, at Gresham-college, has promised to help me to some spirit of brains; and, 'egad, that shall do my business.

SCENE II.

The Two KINGS *enter, hand in hand.*

Bayes. Oh, these are now the two Kings of Brentford; take notice of their stile; 'twas never yet upon the stage; but if you like it, I could make a shift, perhaps, to shew you a whole play, writ all just so.

1st King. Did you observe their whispers, brother King?

2d. I did, and heard, besides, a grave bird sing,
That they intend, sweetheart, to play us pranks.

Bayes. This is now familiar; because they are both persons of the same quality.

Smith. 'Sdeath! this would make a man spew.

1st King. If that design appears,
I'll lug them by the ears,
Until I make them crack.

2d King. And so will I i'fack.

1st King. You must begin, *ma foy*.

2d King. Sweet sir, *pardonnez moy*.

Bayes. Mark that; I make them both speak French, to show their breeding.

Johns. Oh, 'tis extraordinary fine!

2d King. Then, spite of fate, we'll thus combined stand,
And, like two brothers, walk still hand in hand.
[*Exeunt Reges.*

Johns. This is a majestic scene, indeed.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis a crust, a lasting crust for your rogue-critics, 'egad; I would fain see the proudest of them all but dare to nibble at this; 'egad, if they do, this shall rub their gums for them, I promise you. It was I, you must know, that have written a whole play just in this very same stile; it was never acted yet.

Johns. How so?

Bayes. 'Egad, I can hardly tell you for laughing; ha, ha, ha! it is so pleasant a story; ha, ha, ha!

Smith. What is it?

Bayes. 'Egad, the players refused to act it; ha, ha, ha!

Smith. That's impossible!

Bayes. 'Egad, they did it, sir; point blank refused it, 'egad. Ha, ha, ha!

Johns. Fie, that was rude!

Bayes. Rude! ay, 'egad, they are the rudest, uncivilest persons, and all that, in the world, 'egad. 'Egad, there's no living with them. I have written, Mr. Johnson, I do verily believe, a whole cart-load of things, every whit as good as this; and yet, I vow to Gad, these insolent rascals have turned them all back upon my hands again.

Johns. Strange fellows indeed!

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, how came these two Kings to know of this whisper? For, as I remember, they were not present at it.

Bayes. No; but that's the actor's fault, and not mine; for the two Kings should (a pox take them!) have popp'd both their heads in at the door, just as the other went off.

Smith. That, indeed, would have done it.

Bayes. Done it! ay, 'egad, these fellows are able to spoil the best things in Christendom. I'll tell you, Mr. Johnson, I vow to Gad, I have been so highly disobliged by the peremptoriness of these fellows, that I am resolved hereafter to bend my thoughts wholly for the service of the nursery, and mump your proud players, 'egad. So, now Prince Prettyman comes in, and falls asleep, making love to his mistress; "which, you know, was a grand intrigue in a late play, (5) "written by a very honest gentleman, a knight."

SCENE III.

Prince PRETTYMAN *enters.*

Pret. How strangely a captive am I grown of late!
Shall I accuse my love, or blame my fate?
My love I cannot; that is too divine:
And against fate what mortal dares repine?

CHLORIS *enters.*

But here she comes.
Sure 'tis some blazing comet! is it not?
[*Lies down.*

Bayes. Blazing comet! Mark that; 'egad, very fine.

Pret. But I am so surpris'd with sleep, I cannot speak the rest. [*Sleeps.*

Bayes. Does not that, now, surprise you, to fall asleep in the nick? His spirits exhale with the heat of his passion, and all that, and, swop, he falls asleep, as you see. Now, here she must make a simile.

Smith. Where's the necessity of that, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Because she's surprised. That's a general rule;

you must ever make a simile when you are surprised; 'tis the new way of writing.

Cloris. (65) As some tall pine, which we on Ætna find
T' have stood the rage of many a boist'rous wind,
Feeling without that flames within do play,
Which would consume his root and sap away;
He spreads his worsted arms unto the skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines, and dies:
So, shrouded up, your bright eye disappears,
Break forth, bright scorching sun, and dry my tears.

[*Exit.*

Johns. Mr. Bayes, methinks this simile wants a little application, too.

Bayes. No faith; for it alludes to passion, to consuming, to dying, and all that, which, you know, are the natural effects of an amour. But I'm afraid this scene has made you sad; for, I must confess, when I writ it, I wept myself.

Smith. No, truly, sir, my spirits are almost exhal'd too, and I am likelier to fall asleep.

Prince Prettyman *starts up, and says—*

Pret. It is resolved! [*Exit.*

Bayes. That's all.

Smith. Mr. Bayes, may one be so bold as to ask you one question now, and you not be angry?

Bayes. Oh, Lord, sir, you may ask me any thing! what you please; I vow to Gad, you do me a great deal of honour: you do not know me, if you say that, sir.

Smith. Then, pray, what is it that this Prince here has resolved in his sleep?

Bayes. Why, I must confess, that question is well enough asked for one that is not acquainted with this new way of writing. But you must know, sir, that's to out-do all my fellow writers, who, as they keep their intrigo secret till

the very last scene before the dance. I now, sir, (do you mark me?)——a——

Smith. Begin the play and end it, without ever opening the plot at all!

Bayes. I do so, that's the very plain truth on't; ha, ha, ha! I do, 'egad. If they cannot find it out themselves, e'en let them alone for Bayes, I warrant you. But here, now, is a scene of business. Pray, observe it; for I dare say, you'll think it no unwise discourse this, nor ill argued. To tell you true, 'tis a discourse I overheard once betwixt two grand, sober, governing persons.

SCENE IV.

Gentleman-Usher *and* Physician *enter.*

Ush. Come, sir, let's state the matter of fact, and lay our heads together.

Phys. Right, lay our heads together. I love to be merry, sometimes; but when a knotty point comes, I lay my head close to it, with a snuff-box in my hand; and then I fegue it away, i'faith.

Bayes. I do just so, 'egad, always.

Ush. The grand question is, whether they heard us whisper? Which I divide thus——

Phys. Yes, it must be divided so, indeed.

Smith. That's very complaisant, I swear, Mr. Bayes, to be of another man's opinion, before he knows what it is.

Bayes. Nay, I bring in none here, but well-bred persons, I assure you.

Ush. I divide the question into when they heard, what they heard, and whether they heard or no?

Johns. Most admirably divided, I swear!

Ush. As to the *when*, you say, just now; so that is answered. Then, as for what, that answers itself; for what could they hear, but what we talked of? So that, naturally, and of necessity, we come to the last question, *videlicet*, Whether they heard or no?

Smith. This is a very wise scene, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Ay, you have it right; they are both politicians.

Ush. Pray, then, to proceed in method, let me ask you that question.

Phys. No, you'll answer better; pray, let me ask it you.

Ush. Your will must be a law.

Phys. Come then, what is't I must ask?

Smith. This politician, I perceive, Mr. Bayes, has somewhat a short memory.

Bayes. Why, sir, you must know, that t'other is the main politician, and this is but his pupil.

Ush. You must ask me whether they heard us whisper?

Phys. Well, I do so.

Ush. Say it then.

"*Smith.* Hey-day! here is the bravest work that ever I "saw.

"*Johns.* This is mighty methodical.

"*Bayes.* Ay, sir, that's the way; 'tis the way of art; "there is no other way, 'egad, in business."

Phys. Did they hear us whisper?

Ush. Why, truly, I can't tell; there's much to be said upon the word whisper. To whisper in Latin is *susurrare*, which is as much as to say, to speak softly; now, if they heard us speak softly, they heard us whisper; but then comes in the *quomodo*, the how; how did they hear us whisper? Why, as to that, there are two ways; the one by chance or accident; the other on purpose; that is, with design to hear us whisper.

Phys. Nay, if they heard us that way, I'll never give them physic more.

Ush. Nor I e'er more will walk abroad before them.

Bayes. Pray, mark this; for a great deal depends upon it towards the latter end of the play.

Smith. I suppose that's the reason why you brought in this scene, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Partly it was, sir; but, I confess, I was not unwilling, besides, to shew the world a pattern here, how men should talk of business.

Johns. You have done it exceeding well indeed.

Bayes. Yes, I think this will do.

Phys. Well, if they heard us whisper, they will turn us out, and nobody else will take us.

Smith. Not for politicians, I dare answer for it.

Phys. Let's then no more ourselves in vain bemoan;
We are not safe until we them unthrone.

Ush. 'Tis right.
And since occasion now seems *debonair*,
I'll seize on this, and you shall take that chair.

[*They draw their swords, and sit in the two great chairs upon the stage.*

Bayes. There's now an odd surprise! the whole state's turned quite topsy-turvy, (7) without any pother or stir in the whole world, 'egad.

Johns. A very silent change of government truly, as ever I heard of.

Bayes. It is so: and yet you shall see me bring them in again, by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

[*The usurpers march off, flourishing their swords.*

SHIRLY *enters.*

Shir. Hey ho! hey ho! what a change is here! Hey day

hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to say! (8)

[*Exit.*

Johns. Mr. Bayes, in my opinion now, that gentleman might have said a little more upon this occasion.

Bayes. No, sir, not at all; for I underwrit his part on purpose to set off the rest.

Johns. Cry you mercy, sir.

Smith. But, pray, sir, how came they to depose the Kings so easily?

Bayes. Why, sir, you must know, they long had a design to do it before; but never could put it in practice till now; and to tell you true, that's one reason why I made them whisper so at first.

Smith. Oh, very well! now I am fully satisfied.

Bayes. And then, to shew you, sir, it was not done so very easily neither, in the next scene you shall see some fighting.

Smith. Oh, ho! so then you make the struggle to be after the business is done.

Bayes. Ay.

Smith. Oh, I conceive you! That, I swear, is very natural.

SCENE V.

Four Soldiers *enter at one door, and four at another, with their swords drawn.*

1*st Sol.* Stand. Who goes there?

2*d Sol.* A friend.

1*st Sol.* What friend?

2*d Sol.* A friend to the house.

1*st Sol.* Fall on.. [*They all kill one another.*

[*Music strikes.*

Bayes. [*To the music.*] Hold, hold! [*It ceases.*]—Now here's an odd surprize; all these dead men you shall see rise up presently, at a certain note that I have made in *effaut flat*, and fall a dancing. Do you hear, dead men? Remember your note in *effaut flat*—[*To the music.*] Play on. Now, now, now! [*The music plays his note, and the dead men rise, but cannot get in order.*] Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Out, out, out! Did ever men spoil a good thing so? No figure, no ear, no time, no thing! Udzookers, you dance worse than the angels in Harry the Eighth, or the fat spirits in the Tempest, 'egad.

1st *Sol.* Why, sir, 'tis impossible to do any thing in time to this tune.

Bayes. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! impossible! Why, gentlemen, if there be any faith in a person that's a Christian, I sat up two whole nights in composing this air, and adapting it for the business; for if you observe, there are two several designs in this tune; it begins swift, and ends slow. You talk of time and time; you shall see me do't. Look you now; here I am dead. [*Lies down flat on his face.*] Now mark my note *effaut flat*. Strike up, music. Now! [*As he rises up hastily, he falls down again.*] Ah, gadzookers, I have broke my nose!

Johns. By my troth, Mr. Bayes, this is a very unfortunate note of yours, in *effaut*.

Bayes. A plague of this damn'd stage! with your nails, and your center-hooks, that a gentleman can't come to teach you to act, but he must break his nose, and his face, and the devil and all. Pray, sir, can you help me to a piece of wet brown paper?

Smith. No, indeed, sir; I don't usually carry any about me.

2d *Sol.* Sir, I'll go get you some within presently.

Bayes. Go, go, then, I'll follow you. Pray, dance out the dance, and I'll be with you in a moment. Remember and dance like horsemen. [*Exit.*

"*Smith.* Like horsemen! What plague can that be?

"[*They dance the dance, but can make nothing of it.*

"*1st Set.* A devil! let's try this no longer; play my "dance, that Mr. Bayes found fault with so.

"[*Dance, and exeunt.*

"*Smith.* What can this fool be doing all this while about "his nose?

"*Johns.* Pr'ythee, let's go see." [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

BAYES *enters, with a paper on his nose, and the two* Gentlemen.

Bayes.

Now, sirs, this I do, because my fancy, in this play, is to end every act with a dance.

Smith. Faith, that fancy is very good; but I should hardly have broke my nose for it, though.

Johns. That fancy, I suppose, is new too.

Bayes. Sir, all my fancies are so. I tread upon no man's heels, but make my flight upon my own wings, I assure you. Now, here comes in a scene of sheer wit, without any mixture in the whole world, 'egad, between Prince Prettyman and his taylor; it might properly enough be called a prize of wit; for you shall see them come in one upon another snip-snap, hit for hit, as fast as can be. First one speaks, then presently t'other's upon him, slap with a repartee, then he at him again, dash with a new conceit; and so eternally, eternally, 'egad, till they go quite off the stage. [*Goes to call the Players.*

Smith. What a plague does this fop mean by his snip-snap, hit for hit, and dash.

Johns. Mean! why he never meant any thing in's life; what dost talk of meaning for?

BAYES *re-enters.*

Bayes. Why don't you come in?

Prince PRETTYMAN *and* TOM THIMBLE. (1)

This scene will make you die with laughing, if it be well acted, for it is as full of drollery as ever it can hold. 'Tis like an orange stuffed with cloves, as for conceit.

Pret. But, pr'ythee, Tom Thimble, why wilt thou needs marry? If nine taylors make but one man, and one woman cannot be satisfied with nine men; what work art thou cutting out here for thyself, trow!

Bayes. Good.

Thim. Why, an't please your highness, if I can't make up all the work I cut out, I shan't want journeymen enow to help me, I warrant you.

Bayes. Good again.

Pret. I am afraid thy journeymen, tho', Tom, won't work by the day, but by the night.

Bayes. Good still.

Thim. However, if my wife sits but cross-legged, as I do, there will be no great danger: not half so much as when I trusted you, sir, for your coronation-suit.

Bayes. Very good, i'faith.

Pret. Why the times then lived upon trust; it was the fashion. You would not be out of time, at such a time as that, sure: a taylor, you know, must never be out of fashion.

Bayes. Right.

Thim. I am sure, sir, I made your clothes in the court-fashion, for you never paid me yet.

Bayes. There's a bob for the court. (2)

Pret. Why, Tom, thou art a sharp rogue when thou art angry, I see. Thou payest me now, methinks.

Bayes. There's pay upon pay? As good as ever was written, 'egad.

Thim. Ay, sir, in your own coin; you give me nothing but words.)3)

Bayes. Admirable, before Gad!

Pret. Well, Tom, I hope shortly I shall have another coin for thee; for now the wars are coming on, I shall grow to be a man of metal.

Bayes. Oh, you did not do that half enough.

Johns. Methinks he does it admirably.

Bayes. Ah, pretty well; but he does not hit me in't: he does not top his part. (4)

Thim. That's the way to be stamped yourself, sir. I shall see you come home, like an angel for the king's evil, with a hole bored through you. [*Exeunt.*

Bayes. Ha, there he has hit it up to the hilts, 'egad! How do you like it now, gentlemen? Is not this pure wit?

Smith. 'Tis snip-snap, sir, as you say; but, methinks, not pleasant, nor to the purpose; for the play does not go on.

Bayes. Play does not go on! I don't know what you mean; why, is not this part of the play?

Smith. Yes; but the plot stands still.

Bayes. Plot stand still! Why, what a devil is a plot good for, but to bring in fine things?

Smith. Oh, I did not know that before.

Bayes. No, I think you did not, nor many things more, that I am master of. Now, sir, 'egad, this is the bane of all us writers: let us soar but ever so little above the common pitch, 'egad, all's spoiled, for the vulgar never under-

stand it; they can never conceive you, sir, the excellency of these things.

Johns. 'Tis a sad fate, I must confess; but you write on still for all that.

Bayes. Write on! Aye, 'egad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their talk shall stop me: if they catch me at that lock, I'll give them leave to hang me. As long as I know my things are good, (5) what care I what they say? What are they gone, without singing my last new song? 'Sbud, would it were in their bellies. I'll tell you, Mr. Johnson, if I have any skill in these matters, I vow to Gad, this song is peremptorily the very best that ever yet was written; you must know it was made by Tom Thimble's first wife, after she was dead.

Smith. How, sir! after she was dead?

Bayes. Ay, sir, after she was dead. Why, what have you to say to that?

Johns. Say! why nothing: he were a devil that had any thing to say to that.

" *Bayes.* Right.

" *Smith.* How did she come to die, pray, sir?

" *Bayes.* Phoo! that's no matter; by a fall. But here's " the conceit, that upon his knowing she was killed by an " accident, he supposes, with a sigh, that she died for love " of him.

" *Johns.* Ay, ay, that's well enough; let's hear it, Mr. " Bayes.

" *Bayes.* 'Tis to the tune of, Farewell, fair Armida; on " seas, and in battles, in bullets, and all that.

" SONG. (6)

" In swords, pikes, and bullets, 'tis safer to be,
" Than in a strong castle remoted from thee:

" My death's bruise pray think you gave me, though a fall
" Did give it me more from the top of a wall;
" For then if the moat on her mud would first lay,
" And after, before you my body convey;
" The blue on my breast when you happen to see,
" You'll say with a sigh, there's a true blue for me.

" Ha, rogues! when I am merry, I write these things as fast " as hops, 'egad; for, you must know, I am as pleasant a " debauchee as ever you saw; I am, i'faith."

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, how comes this song in here? for, methinks, there is no great occasion for it.

Bayes. Alack, sir, you know nothing; you must ever interlard your plays with songs, ghosts, and dances, if you mean to ———a———

Johns. Pit, box, and gallery, Mr. Bayes. (7)

Bayes. 'Egad, and you have nicked it. Hark you, Mr. Johnson, you know I don't flatter, 'egad you have a great deal of wit.

Johns. Oh, Lord, sir, you do me too much honour.

Bayes. Nay, nay, come, come, Mr. Johnson, i'faith this must not be said amongst us that have it. I know you have wit, by the judgment you make of this play, for that's the measure I go by; my play is my touchstone. When a man tells me such a one is a person of parts, Is he so? says I; what do I do, but bring him presently to see this play; if he likes it, I know what to think of him; if not, your most humble servant, sir; I'll no more of him, upon my word, I thank you. I am *Clara voyant*, 'egad. Now here we go to our business.

SCENE II.

The two Usurpers enter, hand in hand.

Ush. But what's become of Volscius the great?
His presence has not grac'd our courts of late.

Phys. I fear some ill, from emulation sprung,
Has from us that illustrious hero wrung.

Bayes. Is not that majestical?

Smith. Yes, but who a devil is that Volscius?

Bayes. Why, that's a prince I make in love with Parthenope.

Smith. I thank you, sir.

CORDELIO *enters.*

Cor. My lieges, news from Volscius the prince. (8)

Ush. His news is welcome, whatsoe'er it be.

Smith. How, sir! do you mean whether it be good or bad?

Bayes. Nay, pray, sir, have a little patience: gadzookers, you'll spoil all my play. Why, sir, 'tis impossible to answer every impertinent question you ask.

Smith. Cry you mercy, sir.

Cor. His highness, sirs, commanded me to tell you,
That the fair person whom you both do know,
Despairing of forgiveness for her fault,
In a deep sorrow, twice she did attempt
Upon her precious life; but, by the care
Of standers-by, prevented was.

Smith. 'Sheart, what stuff's here!

Cor. At last,
Volscius the great this dire resolve embrac'd:
His servants he into the country sent,
And he himself to Piccadilly went:
Where he's informed by letters that she's dead.

Ush. Dead! Is that possible? Dead!

Phys. Oh, ye gods!

Bayes. There's a smart expression of a passion: Oh, ye gods! That's one of my bold strokes, 'egad.

Smith. Yes; but who's the fair person that's dead?

Bayes. That you shall know anon, sir.

Smith. Nay, if we know at all, 'tis well enough.

Bayes. Perhaps you may find too, by-and-by, for all this, that she's not dead neither.

Smith. Marry, that's good news indeed: I am glad of that with all my heart.

Bayes. Now here's the man brought in, that is supposed to have killed her. [*A great shout within.*

SCENE III.

AMARYLLIS *enters, with a book in her hand, and* Attendants.

Ama. What shout triumphant's that?

A Soldier *enters.*

Sol. Shy maid, upon the river-brink, near Twic'nan town, the false assassinate is taken.

Ama. Thanks to the powers above for this deliverance. I hope,

Its slow beginning will portend
A forward exit to all future end.

Bayes. Pish, there you are out; to all future end! No; to all future end! You must lay the accent upon end, or else you lose the conceit.

Smith. I see you are very perfect in these matters.

Bayes. Ay, sir, I have been long enough at it, one would think, to know something.

Soldiers *enter, dragging in an old Fisherman.*

Ama. Villain, what monster did corrupt thy mind
T' attack the noblest soul of human kind?
Tell me who set thee on.

Fish. Prince Prettyman.

Ama. To kill whom?

Fish. Prince Prettyman.

Ama. What, did Prince Prettyman hire you to kill Prince Prettyman?

Fish. No, Prince Volscius.

Ama. What, did Prince Volscius hire you to kill Prince Volscius?

Fish. No, Prince Prettyman.

Ama. So drag him hence,
'Till torture of the rack produce his sense.

[*Exeunt.*

Bayes. Mark how I make the horror of his guilt confound his intellects, for he's out at one and t'other; and that's the design of this scene.

Smith. I see, sir, you have a several design for every scene.

Bayes. Ay, that's my way of writing; and so, sir, I can dispatch you a whole play, before another man, 'egad, can make an end of his plot.

SCENE IV.

So now enter Prince Prettyman in a rage. Where the devil is he? Why, Prettyman! Why, when, I say? Oh, fie, fie, fie, fie! all's marred, I vow to Gad, quite marred.

PRETTYMAN *enters.*

Phoo, pox! you are come too late, sir, now you may go out again, if you please. I vow to Gad, Mr. ——a——I would not give a button for my play, now you have done this.

Pret. What, sir!

Bayes. What, sir! 'slife, sir, you should have come out in choler, souse upon the stage, just as the other went off. Must a man be eternally telling you these things?

Johns. Sure this must be some very notable matter that he's so angry at.

Smith. I am not of your opinion.

Bayes. Pish! Come, let's hear your part, sir.

Pret. Bring in my father: why d'ye keep him from me?
Although a fisherman, he is my father.
Was ever son yet brought to this distress,
To be, for being a son, made fatherless?
Ah! you just gods, rob me not of a father:
The being of a son take from me rather. [*Exit.*

" *Smith.* Well, Ned, what think you now?"

Johns. " A devil, this is worst of all." Mr. Bayes, pray, what's the meaning of this scene?

Bayes. Oh, cry you mercy, sir: I protest I had forgot to tell you. Why, sir, you must know, that long before the beginning of this play the prince was taken by a fisherman.

Smith. How, sir! taken prisoner?

Bayes. Taken prisoner! Oh, Lord, what a question's there! Did ever any man ask such a question? Gadzookers, he has put the plot quite out of my head with this damned question! What was I going to say?

Johns. Nay, the Lord knows: I cannot imagine.

Bayes. Stay, let me see; taken; Oh, 'tis true. Why,

sir, as I was going to say, his highness here, the prince, was taken in a cradle by a fisherman, and brought up as his child.

Smith. Indeed!

Bayes. Nay, pr'ythee hold thy peace. And so, sir, this murder being committed by the river-side, the fisherman, upon suspicion, was seized, and thereupon the Prince grew angry.

Smith. So, so; now 'tis very plain.

Johns. But, Mr. Bayes, is not this some disparagement in a prince, to pass for a fisherman's son? Have a care of that, I pray.

Bayes. No, no, not at all; for 'tis but for a while: I shall fetch him off again presently, you shall see.

PRETTYMAN *and* THIMBLE *enter.*

Pret. By all the gods, I'll set the world on fire,
Rather than let them ravish hence my sire.

Thim. Brave Prettyman, it is at length reveal'd,
That he is not thy sire who thee conceal'd.

Bayes. Lo' you now, there he's off again.

Johns. Admirably done, i'faith!

Bayes. Ay, now the plot thickens very much upon us.

Pret. What oracle this darkness can evince!
Sometimes a fisher's son sometimes a prince.
It is a secret, great as i the world;
In which I, like the soul, am toss'd and hurl'd.
The blackest ink of fate sure was my lot,
And when she writ my name, she made a blot.

[*Exit.*

Bayes. There's a blustering verse for you now.

Smith. Yes, sir; but why is he so mightily troubled to find he is not a fisherman's son?

Bayes. Phoo! that is not because he has a mind to be his son, but for fear he should be thought to be nobody's son at all.

Smith. Nay, that would trouble a man indeed.

Bayes. So, let me see.

SCENE V.

Prince VOLSCIUS *enters, going out of Town.*

Smith. I thought he had been gone to Piccadilly.

Bayes. Yes, he gave it out so, but that was only to cover his design.

Johns. What design?

Bayes. Why, to head the army, that lies concealed for him at Knightsbridge.

Johns. I see here's a great deal of plot, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Yes, now it begins to break; but we shall have a world of more business anon.

Prince VOLSCIUS, CHLORIS, AMARYLLIS, *and* HARRY, *enter, with a Riding-Cloak and Boots.*

Ama. Sir, you are cruel thus to leave the town,
And to retire to country solitude.

Chlo. We hop'd this summer that we should at least
Have held the honour of your company.

Bayes. Held the honour of your company! prettily expressed: held the honour of your company! gadzookers, these fellows will never take notice of any thing.

Johns. I assure you, sir, I admire it extremely; I don't know what he does.

Bayes. Ay, ay, he's a little envious; but 'tis no great matter. Come.

Ama. Pray let us two this single boon obtain!
That you will here, with poor us, still remain!
Before your horses come, pronounce our fate:
For then, alas! I fear 'twill be too late.

Bayes. Sad!

Vols. (9) Harry, Harry, my boots; for I'll go range among
My blades encamp'd, and quit this urban throng.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, is not this a little difficult, that you were saying e'en now, to keep an army thus concealed in Knightsbridge?

Bayes. In Knightsbridge! Stay.

Johns. No, not if the inn-keepers be his friends.

Bayes. His friends! ay, sir, his intimate acquaintance; or else indeed I grant it could not be.

Smith. Yes, faith, so it might be very easy.

Bayes. Nay, if I do not make all things easy, 'egad, I'll give you leave to hang me. Now you would think that he's gone out of town; but you shall see how prettily I have contrived to stop him presently.

Smith. By my troth, sir, you have so amazed me, that I know not what to think.

PARTHENOPE *enters.*

Vols. Bless me! how frail are all my best resolves!
How in a moment, is my purpose chang'd!
Too soon I thought myself secure from love.
Fair madam, give me leave to ask her name (10)
Who does so gently rob me of my fame:
For I should meet the army out of town,
And if I fail, must hazard my renown.

Par. My mother, sir, sells ale by the town walls;
And me her dear Parthenope she calls.

Bayes. Now that's the Parthenope I told you of.

Johns. Ay, ay, 'egad, you are very right.

Vols. Can vulgar vestments high-born beauty shroud!
Thou bring'st the morning pictur'd in a cloud. (11)

Bayes. The morning's pictured in a cloud! Ah, gad-zookers, what a conceit is there!

Par. Give you good even, sir. [*Exit.*

Vols. Oh, inauspicious stars! that I was born
To sudden love, and to more sudden scorn.

Ama. and Chlo. How! Prince Volscius in love! Ha, ha, ha! (12) [*Exeunt laughing.*

Smith. Sure, Mr. Bayes, we have lost some jest here, that they laugh so.

Bayes. Why, did you not observe? He first resolves to go out of town; and then, as he's pulling on his boots, falls in love with her; ha, ha, ha!

Smith. Well, and where lies the jest of that?

Bayes. Ha? [*Turns to* Johnson.

Johns. Why in the boots; where should the jest lie?

Bayes. 'Egad, you are in the right; it does lie in the boots——[*Turns to* Smith.] Your friend and I know where a good jest lies, though you don't, sir.

Smith. Much good do't you, sir.

Bayes. Here now, Mr. Johnson, you shall see a combat betwixt love and honour. (13) An ancient author has made a whole play on it; but I have dispatched it all in this scene.

VOLSCIUS *sits down to put on his Boots:* BAYES *stands by, and overacts the part as he speaks it.*

Vols. How has my passion made me Cupid's scoff!
This hasty boot is on, the other off,
And sullen lies with amorous design,
To quit loud fame, and make that beauty mine.

Smith. Pr'ythee, mark what pains Mr. Bayes takes to act this speech himself!

Johns. Yes, the fool, I see, is mightily transported with it.

Vols. My legs, the emblem of my various thought,
Shew to what sad distraction I am brought:
Sometimes with stubborn honour like this boot,
My mind is guarded, and resolv'd to do't:
Sometimes again, that very mind, by love
Disarm'd, like this other leg does prove.
Shall I to honour, or to love give way?
Go on, cries Honour; tender Love says, nay: (14)
Honour aloud commands, pluck both boots on;
But softer Love does whisper, put on none.
What shall I do? What conduct shall I find,
To lead me through this twilight of my mind?
For as bright day, with black approach of night
Contending, makes a doubtful puzzling light;
So does my honour, and my love together,
Puzzle me so, I can resolve for neither.

[*Goes out hopping, with one boot on, and t'other off.*

Johns. By my troth, sir, this is as difficult a combat as ever I saw, and as equal; for 'tis determined on neither side.

Bayes. Ay, is it not now, 'egad, ha? For to go off hip-hop, hip-hop, upon this occasion, is a thousand times better than any conclusion in the world, 'egad.

Johns. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, that hip-hop, in this place, as you say, does a very great deal.

Bayes. Oh, all in all, sir; they are these little things that mar, or set you off a play; "as I remember once in a play "of mine, I set off a scene, 'egad, beyond expectation, "only with a petticoat and the belly-ach. (15)

" *Smith.* Pray how was that, sir?

" *Bayes.* Why, sir, I contrived a petticoat to be brought " in upon a chair (nobody knew how) into a prince's cham- " ber, whose father was not to see it, that came in by " chance.

" *Johns.* God's my-life, that was a notable contrivance, " indeed.

" *Smith.* Ay, but Mr. Bayes, how could you contrive the belly-ach?

" *Bayes.* The easiest in the world, 'egad; I'll tell you " how: I made the prince sit down upon the petticoat, no " more than so, and pretended to his father, that he had " just then got the belly-ach; whereupon his father went " to call a physician, and his man ran away with the pet- " ticoat.

" *Smith.* Well, and what followed upon that?

" *Bayes.* Nothing; no earthly thing, I vow to Gad.

" *Johns.* On my word, Mr. Bayes, there you hit it.

" *Bayes.* Yes, it gave a world of content. And then I " paid them away besides; for it made them all talk baw- " dry, ha, ha, ha! beastly, downright bawdry, upon the " stage, 'egad, ha, ha, ha! but with an infinite deal of " wit, that I must say.

" *Johns.* That, ay, that, we know well enough, can never " fail you.

" *Bayes.* No, 'egad, can it. Come, bring in the dance.

[*Exit to call the Players.*

" *Smith.* Now, the devil take thee, for a silly, confident, " unnatural, fulsome rogue!

BAYES *and* Players *enter.*

" *Bayes.* Pray dance well before these gentlemen; you " are commonly so lazy, but you should be light and easy,

" tah, tah, tah. [*All the while they dance,* Bayes *puts them*
" *out with teaching them.*] Well, gentlemen, you will see
" this dance, if I am not deceived, take very well upon
" the stage, when they are perfect in their motions, and all
" that.

" *Smith.* I don't know how 'twill take, sir; but I am
" sure you sweat hard for it.

" *Bayes.* Ay, sir, it costs me more pains and trouble to
" do these things, than almost the things are worth.

" *Smith.* By my troth I think so, sir.

" *Bayes.* Not for the things themselves, for I could write
" you, sir, forty of them in a day: but, 'egad, these players
" are such dull persons, that if a man be not by them upon
" every point, and at every turn, 'egad, they'll mistake
" you, sir, and spoil all."

A Player *enters.*

What, is the funeral ready?

Play. Yes, sir.

Bayes. And is the lance filled with wine?

Play. Sir, 'tis just now a doing.

Bayes. Stay then, I'll do it myself.

Smith. Come, let's go with him.

Bayes. A match. But, Mr. Johnson, 'egad, I am not like other persons; they care not what becomes of their things, so they can but get money for them. Now, egad, when I write, if it be not just as it should be in every circumstance, to every particular, 'egad, I am no more able to endure it. I am not myself, I am out of my wits, and all that; I am the strangest person in the whole world: for what care I for money; I write for reputation. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

BAYES *and the Two* Gentlemen *enter.*

Bayes.

GENTLEMEN, because I would not have any two things alike in this play, the last act beginning with a witty scene of mirth, I make this to begin with a funeral.

Smith. And is that all your reason for it, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. No, sir, I have a precedent for it, besides; a person of honour, and a scholar, brought in his funeral just so: "and he was one (let me tell you) that knew as well what "belonged to a funeral, as any man in England, 'egad.

"*Johns.* Nay, if that be so, you are safe.

"*Bayes.* 'Egad, but I have another device, a frolic which "I think yet better than all this, not for the plot or cha- "racters (for in my heroic plays, I make no difference as "to those matters) but for another contrivance.

"*Smith.* What is that, I pray?

"*Bayes.* Why, I have designed a conquest, that cannot "possibly, 'egad, be acted in less than a whole week. And "I'll speak a bold word, it shall drum, trumpet, shout, and "battle, 'egad, with any of the most warlike tragedies we "have either ancient or modern. (2)

"*Johns.* Ay, marry, sir, there you say something.

"*Smith.* And pray, sir, how have you ordered this same "frolic of yours?

"*Bayes.* Faith, sir, by the rule of romance; for example, "they divide their things into three, four, five, six, seven, "eight, or as many times as they please: Now I would fain "know what should hinder me from doing the same with "my things if I please?

" *Johns.* Nay, if you should not be master of your own
" works, 'tis very hard.

" *Bayes.* That is my sense. And then, sir, this contriv-
" ance of mine has something of the reason of a play in it
" too; for as every one makes you five acts to one play,
" what do I, but make you five plays to one plot; by which
" means the auditors have every day a new thing.

" *Johns.* Most admirably good, i'faith! and must cer-
" tainly take, because it is not tedious.

" *Bayes.* Ay, sir, I know that; there's the main point.
" And then, upon Saturday, to make a close of all, (for I
" ever begin upon a Monday) I make you, sir, a sixth play,
" that sums up the whole matter to them, and all that, for
" fear they should have forgot it.

" *Johns.* That consideration, Mr. Bayes, indeed, I think,
" will be very necessary.

" *Smith.* And when comes in your share, pray, sir?

" *Bayes.* The third week.

" *Johns.* I vow, you'll get a world of money.

" *Bayes.* Why, faith, a man must live; and if you don't
" thus pitch upon some new device, 'egad, you'll never do't;
" for this age (take it o' my word) is somewhat hard to
" please. But there is one pretty odd passage in the last of
" these plays, which may be executed two several ways,
" wherein I'd have your opinions, gentlemen.

" *Johns.* What is it, sir?

" *Bayes.* Why, sir, I make a male person to be in love
" with a female.

" *Smith.* Do you mean that, Mr. Bayes, for a new thing?

" *Bayes.* Yes, sir, as I have ordered it. You shall hear:
" he, having passionately loved her through my five whole
" plays, finding at last that she consents to his love, just
" after that his mother had appeared to him like a ghost, he

" kill himself. That's one way. The other is, that she " coming at last to love him with as violent a passion as he " loved her, she kills herself. Now, my question is, Which " of these two persons should suffer upon this occasion?

" *Johns.* By my troth, it is a very hard case to decide.

" *Bayes.* The hardest in the world, 'egad; and has puz- " zled this pate very much. What say you, Mr. Smith?

" *Smith.* Why, truly, Mr. Bayes, if I might stand with " your justice now, I would spare them both.

" *Bayes.* 'Egad, and I think—ha!—Why, then, I'll make " him hinder her from killing herself. Ay, it shall be so." Come, come, bring in the funeral.

A Funeral enters, with the two Usurpers *and* Attendants.

Lay it down there; no, no, here, sir. So, now speak.

K. Ush. Set down the funeral pile, and let our grief
Receive from its embraces some relief.

K. Phys. Was't not unjust to ravish hence her breath,
And in life's stead to leave us nought but death?
The world discovers now its emptiness,
And by her loss demonstrates we have less.

Bayes. Is not this good language now? Is not that elevated? 'Tis my *non ultra*, 'egad; you must know they were both in love with her.

Smith. With her! with whom?

Bayes. Why, this is Lardella's funeral.

Smith. Lardella! Ay, who is she? (3)

Bayes. Why, sir, the sister of Drawcansir; a lady that was drown'd at sea, and had a wave for her winding-sheet.

K. Ush. Lardella, Oh, Lardella! from above
Behold the tragic issues of our love;
Pity us, sinking under grief and pain,
For thy being cast away upon the main.

Bayes. Look you now, you see I told you true.

Smith. Ay, sir, and I thank you for it very kindly.

Bayes. Ay, 'egad, but you will not have patience; I protest Mr.———a———you will not have patience.

Johns. Pray, Mr. Bayes, who is that Drawcansir?

Bayes. Why, sir, a fierce hero, that frights his mistress, snubs up kings, baffles armies, and does what he will, without regard to numbers, good manners, or justice.

Johns. A very pretty character.

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, I thought your heroes had ever been men of great humanity and justice.

Bayes. Yes, they have been so; but, for my part, I prefer that one quality of singly beating whole armies, above all your moral virtues put together, 'egad. You shall see him come in presently. Zookers! why don't you read the papers? [*To the Players.*

K. Phys. Oh, cry you mercy! [*Goes to take the Paper.*

Bayes. Pish! Nay, you are such a fumbler—Come, I'll read it myself. [*Takes a Paper from off the Coffin.*]—Stay; it's an ill hand; I must use my spectacles. This now is a copy of verses, which I make Lindella compose just as she is dying, with design to have it pinn'd upon her coffin, and so read by one of the usurpers, who is her cousin.

Smith. A very shrewd design that, upon my word, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. And what do you think, now, I fancy her to make love like here, in this paper?

Smith. Like a woman: what should she make love like?

Bayes. O' my word, you are out, tho', sir; 'egad, you are.

Smith. What then? like a man?

Bayes. No, sir, like an humble-bee.

Smith. I confess, sir, that I should not have fancied.

Bayes. It may be so, sir; but it is tho', in order to the

opinion of some of your ancient philosophers, who held the transmigration of the soul.

Smith. Very fine.

Bayes. I'll read the title: *To my dear Coz, King Phys.*

Smith. That's a little too familiar with a king, tho', sir, by your favour, for an humble-bee.

Bayes. Mr. Smith, in other things, I grant, your knowledge may be above mine; but as for poetry, give me leave to say, I understand that better: it has been longer my practice, it has, indeed, sir.

Smith. Your servant, sir.

Bayes. Pray, mark it. (4) [*Reads.*

'Since death my earthly part will thus remove,
I'll come an humble bee to your chaste love;
With silent wings I'll follow you, dear coz,
Or else before you in the sun-beams buz.
And when to melancholy groves you come,
An airy ghost you'll know me by my hum;
For sound, being air, a ghost does well become.'

Smith. [*After a pause.*] Admirable!

Bayes. 'At night into your bosom I will creep,
And buz, but softly, if you chance to sleep;
Yet in your dreams I will pass sweeping by,
And then both hum and buz before your eye.'

" *Johns.* By my troth, that's a very great promise.

" *Smith.* Yes, and a most extraordinary comfort to boot.

" *Bayes.* 'Your bed of love from dangers I will free;
" But most from love of any future bee.
" And when with pity your heart-strings shall crack,
" With empty arms I'll bear you on my back.'

" *Smith.* A pick-a-pick, a pick-a-pack?

" *Bayes.* Ay, 'egad; but is not that *tuant* now, ha? Is it " not *tuant*? Here's the end.

" Then at your birth of immortality,
" Like any winged archer hence I'll fly,
" And teach you your first flutt'ring in the sky.

" *Johns.* Oh, rare! this is the most natural refin'd fancy " that I ever heard, I swear.

" *Bayes.* Yes, I think, for a dead person, it is a good " way enough of making love: for being divested of her " terrestrial part, and all that, she is only capable of these " little, pretty, amorous, designs, that are innocent, and yet " passionate." Come, draw your swords.

K. Phys. Come, sword, come sheath thyself within this breast,
Which only in Lardella's tomb can rest.

K. Ush. Come, dagger, come, and penetrate this heart,
Which cannot from Lardella's love depart.

PALLAS *enters.*

Pal. Hold, stop your murd'ring hands
At Pallas's commands;
For the supposed dead, Oh, Kings!
Forbear to act such deadly things.
Lardella lives; I did but try
If princes for their loves could die,
Such celestial constancy
Shall by the gods rewarded be:
And from these fun'ral obsequies,
A nuptial banquet shall arise.

[*The Coffin opens, and a Banquet is discovered.*

Bayes. So, take away the coffin. Now it's out. This is the very funeral of the fair person which Volscius sent word was dead; and Pallas, you see, has turned it into a banquet.

Smith. Well, but where is this banquet?

Bayes. Nay, look you, sir, we must first have a dance,

for joy that Lardella is not dead. "Pray, sir, give me leave "to bring in my things properly at least.

"*Smith.* That, indeed, I had forgot. I ask your pardon.

"*Bayes.* Oh, d'ye so, sir? I am glad you will confess "yourself once in an error, Mr. Smith."

[*A Dance.*

K. Ush. Resplendent Pallas, we in thee do find
The fiercest beauty, and a fiercer mind:
And since to thee Lardella's life we owe,
We'll supple statues in thy temple grow.

K. Phys. Well, since alive Lardella's found,
Let in full bowls her health go round.

[*The two Usurpers each of them take a bowl in their hands.*

K. Ush. But where's the wine?

Pal. That shall be mine.
Lo, from this conquering lance (*)
Does flow the purest wine of France;
[*Fills the bowls out of her lance.*
And, to appease your hunger, I
Have in my helmet brought a pie;
Lastly, to bear a part with these,
Behold a buckler mad of cheese. [*Vanish* Pallas.

Bayes. There's the banquet. Are you satisfied now, sir?

Johns. By my troth, now, that is new, and more than I expected.

Bayes. Yes, I knew this would please you: for the chief art in poetry is to elevate your expectation, and then bring you off some extraordinary way.

DRAWCANSIR *enters.*

K. Phys. What man is this, that dares disturb our feast? (6)

Draw. He that dares drink, and for that drink dares die;
And, knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.

Johns. That is, Mr. Bayes, as much as to say, that tho' he

would rather die than not drink, yet he would fain drink for all that too.

Bayes. Right; that's the conceit on't.

Johns. 'Tis a marvellous good one, I swear.

" *Bayes.* (7) Now, there are some critics that have ad-
" vised me to put out the second *dare*, and print *must* in
" the place on't; but, 'egad, I think 'tis better thus a great
" deal.

" *Johns.* Whoo! a thousand times."

Bayes. Go on then.

K. Ush. Sir, if you please, we should be glad to know,
How long you here will stay, how soon you'll go?

Bayes. Is not that now like a well-bred person, 'egad? So modest, so gent!

Smith. Oh, very like.

Draw. (8) You shall not know how long I here will stay;
But you shall know I'll take the bowls away.

[*Snatches the bowls out of the Kings hands, and drinks them off.*

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, is that, too, modest and gent?

Bayes. No, 'egad, sir; but 'tis great.

K. Ush. (8) Tho', brother, this grum stranger be a clown,
He'll leave us sure a little to gulp down.

Draw. Whoe'er to gulp one drop of this dare think,
I'll stare away his very power to drink.

[*The two Kings sneak off the stage, with their Attendants.*

I drink, I huff, I strut, look big, and stare;
And all this I can do, because I dare. [*Exit.*

Smith. I suppose, Mr. Bayes, this is the fierce hero you spoke of.

Bayes. Yes; but this is nothing: you shall see him, in the last act, win above a dozen bottles, one after another, 'egad, as fast as they can possibly come upon the stage.

Johns. That will be a sight worth seeing indeed.

Smith. But, pray, Mr. Bayes, why do you make the Kings let him use them so scurvily?

Bayes. Phoo! that's to raise the character of Drawcansir.

Johns. O' my word, that was well thought on.

Bayes. Now, sir, I'll shew you a scene indeed, or rather, indeed, a scene of scenes. 'Tis an heroic scene.

Smith. And, pray, sir, what's your design in this scene?

Bayes. Why, sir, my design is gilded truncheons, forced conceit, smooth verse, and a rant; in fine, if this scene don't take, 'egad, I'll write no more. Come, come in, Mr. ——a——nay, come in as many as you can——Gentlemen, I must desire you to remove a little, for I must fill the stage.

Smith. Why fill the stage?

Bayes. Oh, sir, because your heroic verse never sounds well, but when the stage is full.

SCENE II.

PRINCE PRETTYMAN *and* PRINCE VOLSCIUS *enter.*

Nay, hold, hold; pray, by your leave a little. Look you, sir, the drift of this scene is somewhat more than ordinary: for I make them both fall out, because they are not in love with the same woman.

Smith. Not in love! You mean, I suppose, because they are in love, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. No, sir, I say, not in love; there's a new conceit for you!—Now speak.

Pret. Since fate, Prince Volscius, now has found the way
For our so long'd-for meeting here this day,
Lend thy attention to my grand concern.

Vols. I gladly would that story from thee learn
But thou to love dost, Prettyman, incline
Yet love in thy breast is not love in mine

Bayes. Antithesis! thine and mine.

Pret. Since love itself's the same, why should it be
Diff'ring in you from what it is in me?

Bayes. Reasoning! 'egad, I love reasoning in verse.

Vols. Love takes, cameleon-like, a various dye
From every plant on which itself does lie.

Bayes. Simile.

Pret. Let not thy love the course of nature fright:
Nature does most in harmony delight.

Vols. How weak a deity would nature prove,
Contending with the pow'rful god of love!

Bayes. There's a great verse!

Vols. If incense thou wilt offer at the shrine
Of mighty love, burn it to none but mine.
Her rosy lips eternal sweets exhale;
And her bright flame makes all flames else look pale.

Bayes. 'Egad, that is right.

Pret. Perhaps dull incense may thy love suffice;
But mine must be ador'd with sacrifice.
All hearts turn ashes, which her eyes controul:
The body they consume, as well as soul.

Vols. My love has yet a power more divine:
Victims her altars burn not, but refine;
Amidst the flames they ne'er give up the ghost,
But, with her looks, revive still as they roast:
In spite of pain and death they're kept alive;
Her fiery eyes make them in fire survive.

Bayes. That is as well, 'egad, as I can do.

Vols. Let my Parthenope at length prevail.

Bayes. Civil, 'egad.

Pret. I'll sooner have a passion for a whale,
In whose vast bulk tho' store of oil doth lie,
We find more shape, more beauty, in a fly.

Smith. That's uncivil, 'egad.

Bayes. Yes; but as far fetch'd a fancy, tho', 'egad, as e'er you saw.

Vols. Soft, Prettyman, let not thy vain pretence
Of perfect love, defame love's excellence:
Parthenope is, sure, as far above
All other loves, as above all his love.

Bayes. Ay, 'egad, that strikes me!

Pret. To blame my Chloris gods would not pretend.

Bayes. Now mark.

Vols. Were all gods join'd they could not hope to mend
My better choice; for fair Parthenope
Gods would themselves ungod themselves to see. (11)

Bayes. Now the rant's a coming.

Pret. (12) Durst any of the gods be so uncivil,
I'd make that god subscribe himself a devil.

Bayes. Ah, gadzookers, that's well writ!

[*Scratching his head, his peruke falls off.*

Vols. Could'st thou that god from heaven to earth translate,
He could not fear to want a heav'nly state;
Parthenope, on earth, can heaven create.

Pret. Chloris does heaven itself so far excel,
She can transcend the joys of heav'n in hell.

Bayes. There's a bold flight for you now! 'Sdeath, I have lost my peruke. Well, gentlemen, this is what I never yet saw any one could write, but myself. Here's true spirit and flame all through, 'egad——So, so, pray clear the stage. [*He puts them off the Stage.*

Johns. I wonder how the coxcomb has got the knack of writing smooth verse thus.

Smith. Why, there's no need of brains for this: 'tis but scanning the labours on the finger. But where's the sense of it?

Johns. Oh, for that he desires to be excused! He is too proud a man to creep servilely after sense, I assure you. (To 3) But, pray, Mr. Bayes, why is this scene all in verse?

Bayes. Oh, sir! the subject is too great for prose.

Smith. Well said, i'faith! I'll give thee a pot of ale for that answer; 'tis well worth it.

Bayes. Come, with all my heart.

I'll make that god subscribe himself a devil.
That single line, 'egad, is worth all that my brother poets ever wri——Let down the curtain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

BAYES *and the Two* Gentlemen *enter.*

Bayes.

Now, gentlemen, I will be bold to say, I'll shew you the greatest scene that England ever saw: I mean not for words, for those I don't value; but for state, shew, and magnificence. In fine, I'll justify it to be as grand to the eye, every whit, 'egad, as that great scene in Harry the Eighth, and grander too, 'egad; for instead of two bishops, I bring in here four cardinals.

[*The Curtain is drawn up, the two usurping Kings appear in state, with the four Cardinals,* Prince PRETTYMAN, Prince VOLSCIUS, AMARYLLIS, CHLORIS, PARTHENOPE, *&c. Before them a Herald, and Serjeants at Arms, with Maces.*

Smith. Mr. Bayes, pray, what is the reason that two of the Cardinals are in hats, and the other in caps?

Bayes. Why, sir, because——By Gad, I won't tell you. Your country friend, sir, grows so troublesome——

K. Ush. Now, sir, to the business of the day.

" above, I make them sing to the tune and stile of our m-
dern spirits.'

" *1st King.* (2) Haste, brother King, we are sen from
above.

" *2d King.* Let us move, let us move,
" Move to remove the fate
" Of Brentford's long united state.
" *1st King.* Tarra, ran, tarra, full east and by south.
" *2d King.* We sail with thunder in our mouth.
" In scorching noon-day, whilst the traveller stays;
" Busy, busy, busy, busy we bustle along,
" Mounted upon warm Phœbus's ray,
" Thro' the heavenly throng,
" Hasting to those
" Who will feast us at night with a pig's petty toes.
" *1st King.* And we'll fall with our plate
" In an 'lio of hate.
" *2d King.* But now supper's done, the servitor's try,
" Like soldiers, to storm a whole half-moon pye.
" *1st King.* They gather, they gather hot custards in
spoons.
" But, alas! I must leave these half-moons,
" And repair to my trusty dragoons.
" *2d King.* Oh, stay! for you need not as yet go astray;
" The tide, like a friend, has brought ships in our way,
" And on their high ropes we will play:
" Like maggots in filberts, we'll sung in our shell,
" We'll frisk in our shell,
" We'll frisk in our shell,
" And farewel.
" *1st King.* But the ladies have all inclination to dance,
" And the green frogs croak out a Coranto of France.
" *Bayes.* Is not that pretty now? The fidlers are all in
" green.

" *Smith.* Ay, but they play no Coranto.

" *Johns.* No, but they play a tune that's a great deal " better.

" *Bayes.* No Coranto, quoth-a! That's a good one, with " all my heart. Come, sing on.

" *2d King.* Now mortals that hear

" How we tilt and career,

" With wonder we'll fear

" The event of such things as shall never appear.

" *1st King.* Stay you, to fulfil what the gods have dec[illegible].

" *2d King.* Then call me to help you, if there shall be need.

" *1st King.* So firmly resolv'd is a true Brentford King,

" To save the distress'd, and help to 'em bring,

" That ere a full pot of good ale you can swallow,

" He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla.

" [Bayes *flips his fingers, and sings after them.*

" *Bayes.* He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla. " This, sir, you must know, I thought at once to have brought " in with a conjurer. (3)

" *Johns.* Ay, that would have been better.

" *Bayes.* No, faith, not when you consider it; for thus " it is more compendious, and does the thing every whit as " well.

" *Smith.* Thing! What thing?

" *Bayes.* Why, bring them down again into the throne, " sir; what thing would you have?

" *Smith.* Well, but methinks the sense of this song is not " very plain.

" *Bayes.* Plain! Why, did you ever hear any people in " clouds speak plain? They must be all for flight of fancy " at its full range, without the least check or controul upon " it. When once you tie up spirits and people in clouds to " speak plain, you spoil all.

" *Smith.* Bless me, what a monster's this!"

[*The two Kings alight out of the Clouds, and step into the Throne.*

1st King. Come, now to serious counsel we'll advance.

2d King. I do agree; but first, let's have a dance.

Bayes. Right! you did that very well, Mr. Cartwright. But first, let's have a dance. Pray, remember that: be sure you do it always just so; for it must be done as if it were the effect of thought and premeditation. But first, let's have a dance. Pray, remember that.

Smith. Well, I can hold no longer; I must gag this rogue; there's no enduring of him.

Johns. No, pr'thee, make use of thy patience a little longer; let's see the end of him now.

[*Dance a grand Dance.*

Bayes. This, now, is an ancient dance, of right belonging to the Kings of Brentford; but since derived, with a little alteration, to the Inns of Court.

An Alarm. Two Heralds *enter.*

1st King. What saucy groom molests our privacies?

1st Her. The army, at the door, and in disguise,
Desires a word with both your Majesties.

2d Her. Having from Knightsbridge hither march'd by stealth.

2d King. Bid them attend a-while, and drink our health.

Smith. How, Mr. Bayes? The army in disguise!

Bayes. Ay, sir, for fear the usurpers might discover them that went out but just now.

Smith. Why, what if they had discovered them?

Bayes. Why, then they had broke the design.

1st King. Here, take five guineas for those warlike men.

2d King. And here's five more; that makes the sum just ten.

1st Her. We have not seen so much the Lord knows when. [*Exeunt Heralds.*

1st King. Speak on, brave Amaryllis.

" *Ama.* Invincible Sovereigns, blame not my modesty, " if, at this grand conjuncture——"

[*Drums beat behind the Stage.*

1st King. (6) What dreadful noise is this that comes and goes?

A Soldier *enters, with his Sword drawn.*

Sol. Haste hence, great sirs, your royal persons save,
For the event of war no mortal knows:
The army, wrangling for the gold you gave,
First fell to words, and then to handy-blows.
[*Exit.*

Bayes. Is not that now a pretty kind of a stanza, and a handsome come-off?

2d King. Oh, dangerous estate of sovereign power!
Obnoxious to the change of every hour.

1st King. Let us for shelter in our cabinet stay:
Perhaps these threat'ning storms may pass away.
[*Exeunt.*

Johns. But, Mr. Bayes, did you not promise us, just now, to make Amaryllis speak very well?

Bayes. Ay, and so she would have done, but that they hindered her.

Smith. How, sir! whether you would or no?

Bayes. Ay, sir; the plot lay so, that, I vow to Gad, it was not to be avoided.

Smith. Marry, that was hard.

Johns. But, pray, who hindered her?

Bayes. Why, the battle, sir, that's just coming in " at " the door: and I'll tell you now a strange thing; tho' I

" don't pretend to do more than other men, 'egad, I'll give
" you both a whole week to guess how I'll represent this
" battle.

" *Smith.* I had rather be bound to fight your battle, I
" assure you, sir.

" *Bayes.* Whoo! there's it now—Fight a battle! there's
" the common error. I knew presently where I should have
" you. Why, pray, sir, do but tell me this one thing:
" Can you think it a decent thing, in a battle before ladies,
" to have men run their swords through one another, and
" all that?

" *Johns.* No, faith, 'tis not civil.

" *Bayes.* Right; on the other side, to have a long rela-
" tion of squadrons here, and squadrons there; what is it
but dull prolixity?

" *Johns.* Excellently reason'd, by my troth!

" *Bayes.* Wherefore, sir, to avoid both these indecorums,
" I sum up the whole battle in the representation of two
" persons only, no more; and yet so lively, that, I vow to
" Gad, you would swear ten thousand men were at it really
" engag'd. Do you mark me?

" *Smith.* Yes, sir; but I think I should hardly swear,
" tho', for all that.

" *Bayes.* By my troth, sir, but you would, tho', when you
" see it; for I make them both come out in armour, *cap-a-*
" *pie*, with their swords drawn, and hung with a scarlet rib-
" bon at their wrist, which, you know, represents fighting
" enough.

" *Johns.* Ay, ay, so much, that if I were in your place,
" I would make them go out again, without ever speaking
" one word.

" *Bayes.* No, there you are out; for I make each of them
" hold a lute in his hand.

" *Smith.* How, sir, instead of a buckler?

" *Bayes.* Oh, Lord, Lord! instead of a buckler? Pray, " sir, ask no more questions. I make them, sirs, play the " battle *in recitativo.* And here's the conceit. Just at the " very same instant that one sings, the other, sir, recovers " you his sword, and puts himself into a warlike posture; " so that you have at once your ear entertained with music " and good language, and your eye satisfied with the garb " and accoutrements of war.

" *Smith.* I confess, sir, you stupify me.

" *Bayes.* You shall see.

" *Johns.* But, Mr. Bayes, might not we have a little " fighting? For I love those plays where they cut and slash " one another upon the stage for a whole hour together.

" *Bayes.* Why, then, to tell you true, I have contrived it " both ways; but you shall have my *recitativo* first.

" *Johns.* Ay, now you are right; there is nothing then " can be objected against it.

" *Bayes.* (5) True; and so, 'egad, I'll make it to a tra- " gedy in a trice.

" *Enter at several Doors the* General *and* Lieutenant-Gene- " ral, *armed* cap-a-pie, *with each of them a lute in his hand,* " *and a sword drawn, and hung with a scarlet ribbon at his* " *wrist.* (6)

" *Lt. Gen.* Villain, thou lyest!

" *Gen.* (7) Arm, arm, Gonsalvo, arm! what ho!

" The lie no flesh can brook, I trow.

" *Lt. Gen.* Advance from Acton with the musqueteers.

" *Gen.* (8) Draw down the Chelsea cuirassiers.

" *Lieut.* (9) The band you boast of Chelsea cuirassiers,

" Shall, in my Putney pikes, now meet their peers.

" *Gen.* Chiswickians, aged, and renown'd in fight,
" Join with the Hammersmith brigade.
" *Lt. Gen.* You'll find my Mortlake boys will do them right,
" Unless by Fulham numbers overlaid.
" *Gen.* Let the left wing of Twickenham foot advance,
" And line that eastern hedge.
" *Lt. Gen.* The horse I rais'd in Petty-France
" Shall try their chance,
" And scour the meadows, over-grown with sedge.
" *Gen.* Stand! give the word.
" *Lt. Gen.* Bright sword.
" *Gen.* That may be thine,
" But 'tis not mine.
" *Lt. Gen.* (10) Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,
" And let those recreant troops perceive mine ire.
" *Gen.* Pursue, pursue; they fly,
" That first did give the lie. [*Exeunt.*
" *Bayes.* This now is not improper, I think; because the " spectators know all these towns, and may easily conceive " them to be within the dominions of the two Kings of " Brentford.
" *Johns.* Most exceeding well designed!"

Bayes. How do you think I have contrived to give a stop to this battle.

Smith. How?

Bayes. By an eclipse; which, let me tell you, is a kind of fancy that was yet never so much as thought of, but by myself, and one person more, that shall be nameless.

A Lieutenant-General *enters.*

Lt. Gen. What midnight darkness does invade the day,
And snatch the victor from his conquer'd prey?

Is the sun weary of this bloody fight,
And winks upon us with the eye of light:
'Tis an eclipse! This was unkind, Oh, moon,
To clap between me and the sun so soon.
Foolish eclipse! thou this in vain hast done;
My brighter honour had eclips'd the sun,
But now behold eclipses two in one. [*Exit.*

Johns. This is as admirable a representation of a battle as ever I saw.

Bayes. Aye, sir: but how would you fancy now to represent an eclipse?

Smith. Why, that's to be supposed.

Bayes. Supposed! Ay, you are ever at your suppose; ha, ha, ha! Why, you may as well suppose the whole day. No, it must come in upon the stage, that's certain; but in some odd way that may delight, amuse, and all that. I have a conceit for it, that I am sure is new, and I believe to the purpose.

Johns. How's that?

Bayes. Why, the truth is, I took the first hint of this out of a dialogue between Phœbus and Aurora, in the Slighted Maid; which, by my troth, was very pretty; but I think you would confess this is a little better.

Johns. No doubt on't, Mr. Bayes, a great deal better.

[Bayes *hugs* Johnson, *then turns to* Smith.

Bayes. Ah, dear rogue! But——a——Sir, you have heard, I suppose, that your eclipse of the moon is nothing else but an interposition of the earth between the sun and moon; as likewise your eclipse of the sun is caused by an interlocation of the moon betwixt the earth and the sun.

Smith. I have heard some such thing indeed.

Bayes. Well, sir, then what do I, but make the earth, sun, and moon, come out upon the stage, and dance the hay. Hum!

and of necessity, by the very nature of this dance, the earth must be sometimes between the sun and the moon, and the moon between the earth and sun: and there you have both eclipses by demonstration.

Johns. That must needs be very fine, truly.

Bayes. Yes, it has fancy in it. And then, sir, that there may be something in it too of a joke, I bring them in all singing, and make the moon sell the earth a bargain. Come, come out, Eclipse, to the tune of Tom Tyler.

LUNA *enters.*

Luna. Orbis, Oh, Orbis!
Come to me, thou little rogue, Orbis.

The EARTH *enters.*

Orb. (11) Who calls Terra Firma, pray?
Luna. Luna, that ne'er shines by day.
Orb. What means Luna in a veil?
Luna. Luna means to shew her tail.
Bayes. There's the bargain.

SOL *enters, to the Tune of* Robin Hood.

Sol. Fye, sister, fye! thou makest me muse,
Derry down, derry down.
To see the Orb abuse,
Luna. I hope his anger will not move;
Since I shew'd it out of love,
Hey down, derry down.
Orb. Where shall I thy true love know,
Thou pretty, pretty moon?
Luna. (12) To-morrow soon, ere it be noon,
On mount Vesuvio.
Sol. Then I will shine. [*Bis.*

[*To the tune of Trenchmore.*

Orb. And I will be fine.

Luna. (13) And I will drink nothing but Lippara wine.

Omnes. And we, *&c.*

[*As they dance the hay,* Bayes *speaks.*

Bayes. Now the earth's before the moon; now the moon's before the sun; there's the eclipse again.

Smith. He's mightily taken with this, I see.

Johns. Ay, 'tis so extraordinary, how can he choose?

Bayes. So, now, vanish eclipse, and enter t'other battle, and fight. Here now, if I am not mistaken, you will see fighting enough.

[*A Battle is fought between Foot and great Hobbey-horses. At last* Drawcansir *comes in, and kills them all on both sides. All the while the Battle is fighting,* Bayes *is telling them when to shout, and shouts with them.*

Draw. Others may boast a single man to kill:
But I the blood of thousands daily spill.
Let petty kings the names of parties know:
Where'er I come, I slay both friend and foe,
The swiftest horsemen my swift rage controuls,
And from their bodies drives their trembling souls
If they had wings, and to the gods could fly,
I would pursue, and beat them through the sky;
And make proud Jove, with all his thunder, see
This single arm more dreadful is than he. [*Exit.*

Bayes. There's a brave fellow for you now, sirs, You may talk of your Hectors and Achilles, and I know not who; but I defy all your histories, and your romances too, to shew me one such conqueror as this Drawcansir.

Johns. I swear, I think you may.

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, how shall all these dead men go off? for I see none alive to help them.

Bayes. Go off, why, as they came on; upon their legs;

how should they go off! Why, do you think the people here don't know they are not dead? He's mighty ignorant, poor man! Your friend here is very silly, Mr. Johnson, 'egad he is, ha, ha! Come, sir, I'll shew you how they shall go off. (14) Rise, rise, sirs, and go about your business. There's go off for you now. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Ivory, a word. Gentlemen, I'll be with you presently. [*Exit.*

Johns. Will you so? Then we'll be gone.

Smith. Ay, pr'ythee let's go, that we may preserve our hearing. One battle more will take mine quite away.

[*Exeunt.*

BAYES *enters, with* Players.

Bayes. Where are the gentlemen?

1*st Play.* They are gone, sir.

Bayes. Gone! 'Sdeath! this last act is best of all! I'll go fetch them again. [*Exit.*

1*st Play.* What shall we do, now he's gone's away?

2*d Play.* Why so much the better; then let's go to dinner.

3*d Play.* Stay, here's a foul piece of paper. Let's see what it is.

3*d or* 4*th Play.* Ay, ay, come, let's hear it.

[*Reads. The Argument of the Fifth Act.*

3*d Play.* Chloris at length, being sensible of Prince Prettyman's passion, consents to marry him; but just as they are going to church, Prince Prettyman meeting, by chance, with old Joan, the chandler's widow, and remembering it was she that first brought him acquainted with Chloris, out of a high point of honour, breaks off his match with Chloris, and marries old Joan. Upon which, Chloris, in despair, drowns herself; and Prince Prettyman, discontentedly, walks by the river side. This will never do: 'tis just like the rest. Come, let's be gone.

Most of the Players. Ay, pox on it, let's go away.

[*Exeunt.*

BAYES *enters,*

Bayes. A plague on them both for me, they have made me sweat to run after them. A couple of senseless rascals, that had rather go to dinner, than see this play out, with a pox to them. What comfort has a man to write for such dull rogues? Come, Mr. ——a——where are you, sir? Come away, quick, quick.

Stage-Keeper *enters,*

Stage-k. Sir, they are gone to dinner.

Bayes. Yes, I know the gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the players.

Stage-k. Why, an't please your worship, sir, the players are gone to dinner too.

Bayes. How! are the players gone to dinner? 'Tis impossible! The players gone to dinner! 'Egad, if they are, I'll make them know what it is to injure a person that does them the honour to write for them, and all that. A company of proud, conceited, humorous, cross-grained persons, and all that. 'Egad, I'll make them the most contemptible, despicable, inconsiderable persons, and all that, in the whole world, for this trick. 'Egad, I'll be revenged on them; I'll sell this play to the other house.

Stage-k. Nay, good sir, don't take away the book; you'll disappoint the company that comes to see it acted here this afternoon.

Bayes. That's all one, I must reserve this comfort to myself; my play and I shall go together; we will not part, indeed, sir.

Stage-k. But what will the town say, sir?

Bayes. The town! Why, what care I for the town? 'Egad,

the town used me as scurvily as the players have done; but I'll be revenged on them too; for I'll lampoon them all. And since they will not admit of my plays, they shall know what a satirist I am. And so farewel to this stage, 'egad, for ever. [*Exit* Bayes.

Players *enter*.

1*st Play*. Come then, let's set up bills for another play.

2*d Play*. Ay, ay; we shall lose nothing by this, I warrant you.

1*st Play*. I am of your opinion. But, before we go, let's see Haynes and Shirley practise the last dance; for that may serve us another time.

2*d Play*. I'll call them in; I think they are but in the tiring-room.

The Dance done.

1*st Play*. Come, come; let's go away to dinner.

[*Exeunt*.

EPILOGUE.

THE play is at an end; but where's the plot?
That circumstance our poor poet Bayes forgot.
And we can boast, though 'tis a plotting age,
No place is freer from it than the stage.
The antients plotted, though, and strove to please
With sense that might be understood with ease:
They every scene with so much wit did store,
That who brought any in, went out with more.
But this new way of wit does so surprise,
Men lose their wits in wond'ring where it lies.
If it be true that monstrous birt s presage
The following mischiefs that afflict the age,
And sad disasters to the state proclaim,
Plays without head or tail may do the same.
Wherefore for ours, and for the kingdom's peace,
May this prodigious way of writing cease.
Let's have at least once in our lives a time,
When we may hear some reason, not all rhyme.
We have these ten years felt its influence;
Pray let this prove a year of prose and sense.

KEY TO THE REHEARSAL;

OR, A

CRITICAL REVIEW

OF THE

AUTHORS, AND THEIR WRITINGS,

THAT ARE EXPOSED IN THAT CELEBRATED PLAY.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

THOU can'st not be ignorant that the town has had an eager expectation of a Key to the Rehearsal, ever since it first appeared in print, and none has more earnestly desired it than myself, though in vain; till lately, a gentleman of my acquaintance recommended me to a person, who, he believed, could give me a further light into this matter, than I had hitherto met with from any hand.

In a short time I traced him out; and when I had found him, he appeared such a positive dogmatical spark, that I began to repent of my trouble in searching after him.

It was my misfortune, over a pot of beer, to begin a short discourse of the modern poets and actors; and imme-

diately he fell into a great passion, and swore that there were very few persons now living, who deserved the name of a good dramatic poet, or natural actor; and declaimed against the present practice of the English stage with much violence; saying, he believed the two companies were joined in a confederacy against Smithfield, and resolved to ruin their fair, by outdoing them in their bombastic bills, and ridiculous representing their plays; adding, that he hoped e'er long Mr. Collier and others would write them down to the devil. At the same time, he could not forbear to extol the excellent decorum and action of former years; and magnified the poets of the last age, especially Jonson, Shakspere, and Beaumont.

I bore all this with tolerable patience, knowing it to be too common with old men to commend the past age, and rail at the present; and so took my leave of him for that time, with an intent never to trouble him more, and without acquainting him with my business.

When next I saw the gentleman, my friend, who recommended him to me, I told him how I was entertained by his cynical acquaintance. He laughed, but bid me not be discouraged, saying, that fit of railing would soon have been over; and when his just indignation had spent itself, you might have imparted your business to him, and received a more satisfactory account. However, said he go to him again from me, take him to the tavern, and mollify his asperity with a bottle; thwart not his discourse, but give him his own way; and I'll warrant you he'll open his budget, and satisfy your expectation.

I followed my friend's directions, and found the event answerable to his prediction.

Not long after, I met him in Fleet-street, and carried him to the Old Devil: and ere we had emptied one bottle,

found him of a quite different humour from what I left him in the time before: he appeared in his discourse to be a very honest true Englishman, a hearty lover of his country, and the government thereof, both in church and state, a loyal subject to his sovereign, an enemy to popery and tyranny, idolatry and superstition, antimonarchical government and confusion, irreligion and enthusiasm. In, short, I found him a person of a competent knowledge in the affair I went to him about, and one who understood the English stage very well; and tho' somewhat positive, as I said before, yet I observed he always took care to have truth on his side, before he affirmed or denied any thing with more than ordinary heat; and when he was so guarded, he was immoveable.

When I had discovered thus much, and called for the second bottle, I told him from whom I came, and the cause of my addressing him. He desired my patience till he stept to his lodgings, which were near the tavern; and after a short space he returned, and brought with him the papers which contain the following Notes.

When he had read them to me, I liked them so well that I desired the printing of them, provided they were genuine; he assured me they were, and told me farther, that while this farce was composing and altering, he had frequent occasions of being with the author, of perusing his papers, and hearing discourse of the several plots he exposed, and their authors; insomuch that few persons had the like opportunities of knowing his true meaning as he himself had.

If any other person had known the author's mind so exactly, in all the several particulars, 'tis more than probable they would have been made public before now: but nothing of this nature having appeared these two and thirty years, (for so long has this farce flourished in print) we may rea-

sonably and safely conclude, that there is no other such like copy in being; and that these remarks are genuine, and taken from the great person's own mouth and papers.

I was very well satisfied with this account, and more desirous to print it than ever; only I told him, I thought it would be very advantageous to the sale of these annotations, to have a preface to them, under the name of him who was so well acquainted with the author; but could not, by all the arguments I was master of, obtain his consent, tho' we debated the point a pretty while.

He alledged for his excuse, that such an undertaking would be very improper for him, because he should be forced to name several persons, and some of great families, to whom he had been obliged; and he was very unwilling to offend any person of quality, or run the hazard of making such who are, or may be his friends, become his enemies; tho' he should only act the part of an historian, barely reciting the words he heard from our author.

However, said he, if you think a preface of such absolute necessity, you may easily recollect matter enough from the discourse which hath passed between us on this subject, to enable yourself, or any other for you, to write one; especially if you consider there are but two topics to be insisted on.

1. To give the reader an account of the writer of this farce.

2. The motives which induced him to compose it.

I can stay no longer now, said he; but if you desire any further direction in this matter, meet me here to-morrow night, and I will discourse more particularly on these two heads, and then take my leave of you: wishing you good success with your preface, and that your key may prove a golden one.

Now, kind reader, having received all the instructions I could gain from my resolute spark at our several meetings, I must stand on my own legs, and turn prefacer, tho' against my will. And thus I set out.

1. To tell thee what all persons, who are any thing acquainted with the stage, know already: *viz.* That this farce was wrote by the most noble George Villiers, late Duke of Buckingham, &c. a person of a great deal of natural wit and ingenuity, and of excellent judgment, particularly in matters of this nature; his forward genius was improved by a liberal education, and the conversation of the greatest persons in his time; and all these cultivated and improved by study and travel.

By the former, he became well acquainted with the writings of the most celebrated poets of the late age: *viz.* Shakspere, Beaumont, and Jonson, (the last of whom he knew personally, being thirteen years old when he died), as also with the famous company of actors at Black-Friars, whom he always admired.

He was likewise very intimate with the poets of his time; as Sir John Denham, Sir John Suckling, the Lord Falkland, Mr. Sydney Godolphin, (a near relation to the late Lord High Treasurer of England, the glory of that ancient family) Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley; on the last of whom he bestowed a genteel annuity during his life, and a noble monument in Westminster-Abbey, after his decease.

By travel he had the opportunity of observing the decorum of foreign theatres; especially the French, under the regulation of Monsieur Corneille, before it was so far Italianated, and over-run with opera and farce, as now it is; and before the venom thereof had crossed the narrow seas, and poisoned the English stage, we being naturally prone to imitate the French in their fashions, manners, and customs, let them be ever so vicious, fantastic, or ridiculous.

By what has been said on this head, I hope thou art fully satisfied who was the author of this piece, which the learned and judicious Dr. Burnet (late bishop of Sarum) calls a correction, and an unmerciful exposing; and I believe thou hast as little cause to doubt of his being able to perform it.

Had this great person been endued with constancy and steadiness of mind, equal to his other abilities, both natural and acquired, he had been the most complete gentleman in his time.

I shall proceed to shew,

2. The motives which induced him to undertake it.

The civil war silenced the stage for almost twenty years, though not near so lewd then, as it is since grown; and it had been happy for England, if this had been the worst effect of that war. The many changes of government that succeeded the dissolution of the ancient constitution, made the people very uneasy, and unanimously desirous of its restitution; which was effected by a free parliament, in the year 1660.

This sudden revolution, which is best known by the name of the Restoration, brought with it many ill customs, from the several countries to which the king and the cavaliers were retired, during their exile, which proved very pernicious to our English constitution, by corrupting our morals, and to which the reviving the stage, and bringing women on it, and encouraging and applauding the many lewd, senseless, and unnatural plays, that ensued upon this great change, did very much contribute.

Then appeared such plays as these; The Siege of Rhodes, part I. acted at the Cock-pit, before the Restoration? The Playhouse to be Let; The Slighted Maid; the United Kingdoms; The Wild Gallant; The English Monsieur; The Villain; and the like.

You will meet with several passages out of all these, except the United Kingdoms, (which was never printed) in the following Notes; as you will find out of several other plays, which are here omitted.

Our most noble author, to manifest his just indignation and hatred of this fulsome new way of writing, used his utmost interest and endeavours to stifle it at its first appearance on the stage, by engaging all his friends to explode and run down these plays, especially The United Kingdoms, which had like to have brought his life into danger.

The author of it being nobly born, of an ancient and numerous family, had many of his relations and friends in the Cock-pit, during the acting of it; some of them perceiving his Grace to head a party, who were very active in damning the play, by hissing, and laughing immoderately, at the strange conduct thereof, there were persons laid wait for him, as he came out: but there being a great tumult and uproar in the house, and the passages near it, he escaped; but he was threatened hard: However, the business was composed in a short time, tho' by what means I have not been informed.

After this, our author endeavoured, by writing, to expose the follies of these new-fashioned plays, in their proper colours, and to set them in so clear a light, that the people might be able to discover what trash it was, of which they were so fond, as he plainly hints in the Prologue; and so set himself to the composing of this farce.

When his Grace began it, I could never learn, nor is it very material.

Thus much we may certainly gather from the editions of the plays reflected on in it, that it was before the end of 1663, and finished before the end of 1664; because it had been several times rehearsed, the players were perfect in

their parts, and all things in readiness for its acting, before the great plague, 1665, which prevented it.

But what was so ready for the stage, and so near being acted, at the breaking out of the terrible sickness, was very different from what you have since seen in print: in that he called his poet Bilboa; by which name, the town generally understood Sir Robert Howard to be the person pointed at. Besides, there were very few of this new sort of plays then extant, except these before-mentioned, at that time; and more than were in being could not be ridiculed.

The acting of this farce being thus hindered, it was laid by for several years, and came not on the public theatre till the year 1671.

During this interval, many great plays came forth, writ in heroic rhyme; and on the death of Sir William D'Avenant, 1669, Mr. Dryden, a new Laureat, appeared on the stage, much admired, and highly applauded, which moved the Duke to change the name of his poet from Bilboa to Bayes, whose works are often mentioned in the following Key.

Thus far, kind reader, I have followed the direction of my new acquaintance, to the utmost extent of my memory, without transgressing the bounds he assigned me, and I am free from any fear of having displeased him; I wish I could justly say as much, with relation to the offences I have committed against yourself, and all judicious persons who shall peruse this poor address.

I have nothing to say in my own defence: I plead guilty, and throw myself at your feet, and beg for mercy; and not without hope, since what I have here writ did not proceed from the least malice in me, to any person or family in the world, but from an honest design to enable the meanest readers to understand all the passages of this farce, that it may sell the better. I am, with all submission,

Your most obliged humble servant.

THE

KEY TO THE REHEARSAL.

ACT I.

Note 1. p. 7.

Bayes.

"In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot, and shew; ay, and pit, box, and gallery it, 'egad, with any play in Europe."

The usual language of the Hon. Edward Howard, Esq. at the rehearsal of his plays.

Note 2. p. 8.

"*Bayes.* These my rules."

He who writ this, not without pain and thought,
From French and English theatres has brought
Th' exactest rules by which a play is wrought.
The unity of action, place and time;
The scenes unbroken, and a mingled chime
Of Jonson's humour, with Corneille's rhyme.

Prologue to the Maiden Queen.

Note 3. p. 11.

Bayes. "I writ that part only for her. You must know "she is my mistress."

The part of Amaryllis was acted by Mrs. Anne Reeves, who, at that time, was kept by Mr. Bayes.

Note 4. p. 12.

Two kings of Brentford, supposed to be the two brothers, the King and the Duke.

See note last on the fourth act.

Not 5. p. 13.

See the two prologues to the Maiden Queen.

Note 6. p. 14.

"I have printed above a hundred sheets of paper, to in- "sinuate the plot into the boxes."

There were printed papers given the audience, before the acting the Indian Emperor, telling them, that it was the sequel of the Indian Queen; part of which play was written by Mr. Bayes, &c.

Note 7. p. 14.

"Persons, 'egad, I vow to Gad, and all that," is the constant stile of Failer in the Wild Gallant; for which, take this short speech instead of many.

Failer. Really, madam, I look upon you as a person of such worth, and all that, that I vow to Gad, I honour you of all persons in the world; and though I am a person that am inconsiderable in the world, and all that, madam, yet, for a person of your worth and excellency, I would.

Wild Gallant, p. 8.

Note 8. p. 15.

Bayes. " No, sir, there are certain ties upon me, that I " cannot be disengaged from."

He contracted with the king's company of actors, in the year 1668, for a whole share, to write them four plays a year.

Note 9. p. 16.

" So boar and sow, when any storm is nigh,
" Snuff up, and smell it gathering in the sky;
" Boar beckons sow to trot in chesnut groves,
" And there consummate their unfinish'd loves;
" Pensive in mud they wallow all alone,
" And snore and gruntle to each other's moan.

In ridicule of this.

So two kind turtles, when a storm is nigh,
Look up, and see it gath'ring in the sky;
Each calls his mate to shelter in the groves,
Leaving, in murmurs, their unfinish'd loves:
Perch'd on some dropping branch, they sit alone,
And coo, and hearken to each other's moan.

Conquest of Granada, part II. p. 48.

Note 10. p. 16.

Thun. " I am the bold Thunder.
Light. " The brisk Lightning I."
I am the evening, dark as night.

Slighted Maid, p. 48.

Note 11. p. 17.

Let the men 'ware the ditches;
Maids look to their breeches;
We'll scratch them with briars and thistles.

Ibid. p. 49.

Note 12. p. 17.

Abraham Ivory had formerly been a considerable actor of women's parts; but afterwards stupified himself so far with drinking strong waters, that before the first acting of his farce, he was fit for nothing, but to go of errands: for which, and mere charity, the company allowed him a weekly salary.

ACT II.

Note 1. p. 18.

"I begin this play with a whisper."

Drake, sen. Draw up your men;
And in low whispers give our orders out.

Play-house to be Let, p. 100.

See the Amorous Prince, p. 20, 22, 39, 69; where you will find all the chief commands and directions are given in whispers.

Note 2. p. 20.

Mr. William Wintershall was a most excellent judicious actor, and the best instructor of others. He died in July, 1679.

Note 3. p. 21.

Bayes. "If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets."—See Note 6. on Act III.

Note 4. p. 22.

"Take snuff." He was a great taker of snuff, and made most of it himself.

Note 5. p. 24.

"Intrigue in a late play."

The Lost Lady, by Sir Robert Stapleton.

Note 6. p. 25.

"As some tall pine, which we on Ætna find
"T' have stood the rage of many a boist'rous wind,
"Feeling without, that flames within do play,
"Which would consume his root and sap away;
"He spreads his worsted arms unto the skies,
"Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies.
"So, shrouded up, your bright eye disappears:
"Break forth, bright scorching sun, and dry my tears."

In imitation of this passage.

As some fair tulip, by a storm opprest,
Shrinks up, and folds its silken arms to rest;
And bending to the blast, all pale and dead,
Hears from within the wind sing round its head:
So shrouded up your beauty disappears;
Unveil, my love, and lay aside your fears;
The storm that caus'd your fright is past and gone.

Conquest of Granada, part I. p. 55.

Note 7. p. 28.

Bayes. " The whole state's turn'd," &c.

Such easy turns of state are frequent in our modern plays; where we see princes dethroned, and governments changed, by very feeble means, and on slight occasions; particularly in Marriage-a-la-Mode, a play writ since the first publication of this farce. Where (to pass by the dullness of the state-part, the obscurity of the comic, the near resemblance Leonidas bears to our Prince Prettyman, being sometimes a king's son, sometimes a shepherd's; and not to question how Amalthea comes to be a princess, her brother, the king's great favourite, being but a lord) 'tis worth our while to observe how easily the fierce and jealous usurper is deposed, and the right heir placed on the throne; and it is thus related by the said imaginary princess.

Amalth. Oh! gentlemen, if you have loyalty,
Or courage, shew it now: Leonidas,
Broke on a sudden from his guards, and snatching
A sword from one, his back against the scaffold,
Bravely defends himself; and owns aloud,
He is our long-lost king, found for this moment;
But, if your valours help not, lost for ever.
Two of his guards, mov'd by the sense of virtue,
Are turn'd for him; and there they stand at bay,
Against a host of foes. *Marriage-a-la-mode*, p. 69.

This shews Mr. Bayes to be a man of constancy, and firm to his resolution, and not to be laughed out of his own method; agreeable to what he says in the next act.

" As long as I know my things are good, what care I what they say?"

Note 8. p. 29.

" Hey-day! hey-day! I know not what to do, nor what " to say."

I know not what to say, or what to think.
I know not when I sleep, or when I wake.
Love and Friendship, p. 46.

My doubts and fears my reason do dismay;
I know not what to do, or what to say.
Pandora, p. 46.

ACT III.

Note 1. p. 32.

PRINCE Prettyman, and Tom Thimble; Failer, and Bibber his taylor, in the Wild Gallant, p. 5, 6.

Note 2. p. 33.

Bayes. "There's a bob for the court."
Nay, if that be all, there's no such haste. The courtier are not so forward to pay their debts. *Wild Gallant*, p. 9.

Note 3. p. 33.

Tom Thim. "Ay, sir, in your own coin: you give me no-"thing but words."

Take a little Bibber,
And throw him in the river;
And if he will trust never,
Then there let him lie ever.

Bibber. Then say I,

Take a little Failer,
And throw him to the jailor,
And there let him lie
Till he has paid his taylor. *Wild Gallant*, p. 12.

Note 4. p. 34.

Bayes. "Ay, pretty well; but he does not top his part." A great word with Mr. Edward Howard.

Note 5. p. 34.

Bayes. "As long as I know my things are good, what "care I?"

See the 7th Note on the second Act.

Note 6. p. 34.

Song. "In swords, pikes, and bullets, 'tis safer to be,
"Than in a strong castle remoted from thee!
"My death's bruise pray think you give me, tho' a fall
"Did give it me more, from the top of a wall:
"For then if the mote on her mud would first lay,
"And after, before you my body convey.
"The blue on my breast, when you happen to see,
"You'll say, with a sigh, there's a true-blue for me."

In Imitation of this:

On seas, and in battles, though bullets and fire,
The danger is less, than in hopeless desire;
My death's wound you gave me, though far off I bear
My fall from your sight, not to cost you a tear;
But if the kind flood on a wave would convey,
And under your window my body would lay;
When the wound on my breast you happen to see,
You'd say with a sigh, it was given by me.

This is the latter part of a song made by Mr. Bayes, on the death of Captain Digby, son of George Earl of Bristol, who was a passionate admirer of the Duchess Dowager of Richmond, called by the author Armida. He lost his life in a sea-fight against the Dutch, the 28th of May, 1672.

Note 7. p. 35.

Johns. " Pit, box, and gallery, Mr. Bayes!"
Mr. Edward Howard's words.

Note 8. p. 36.

Cordel. " My lieges, news from Volscius the prince.
Ush. " His news is welcome, whatsoe'er it be."
Albert. Curtius, I've something to deliver to your ear.
Cur. Any thing from Alberto is welcome.

Amorous Prince, p. 39.

Note 9. p. 42.

Vols. " Harry, my boots! for I'll go range among
" My blades encamp'd, and quit this urban throng."
Let my horses be brought ready to the door, for I'll go out of town this evening.

Into the country I'll with speed;
With hounds and hawks my fancy feed, &c.
Now I'll away, a country life
Shall be my mistress and my wife.

English Monsieur, p. 36, 38, 39.

Note 10, p. 42.

" Fair madam, give me leave to ask her name."
And what's this maid's name? *Ibid.* p. 40.

Note 11, p. 43.

" Thou bring'st the morning pictur'd in a cloud."
I bring the morning pictur'd in a cloud.

Siege of Rhodes, part I. p. 10.

Note 12. p. 43.

Ama. " How! Prince Volscius in love! Ha, ha, ha!"
Mr. Comely in love! *English Monsieur*, p. 49.

Note 13. p. 43.

Bayes. " You shall see a combat betwixt love and honour.
" An ancient author has writ a whole play on it."
Sir William D'Avenant's play of Love and Honour.

Note 14. p. 44.

Vols. " Go on, cries Honour; tender Love says, nay.
" But honour says not so."
Siege of Rhodes, part I. p. 10.

Note 15. p. 44.

Bayes. " I remember once in a play of mine, I set off a scene beyond expectation, only with a petticoat, and the belly-ach." *Love in a Nunnery*, p. 34.

ACT IV.

Note 1. p. 47.

Bayes.

" GENTLEMEN, because I would not have any two things " alike in this play, the last act beginning with a witty scene " of mirth, I begin this with a funeral."

Colonel Henry Howard, son of Thomas Earl of Berkshire, made a play, called the United Kingdoms, which began with a funeral; and had also two kings in it. This gave the Duke a just occasion to set up two kings in Brentford, as it is generally believed, though others are of opinion that his Grace had our two brothers in his thoughts. It was acted at the Cockpit in Drury-Lane, soon after the Restoration; but miscarrying on the stage, the author had the modesty not to print it; and therefore the reader cannot reasonably

expect any particular passages of it.—Others say, that they are Boabdelin and Abdalla, the two contending kings of Granada; and Mr. Dryden has, in most of his serious plays, two contending kings of the same place.

Note 2. p. 47.

"I'll speak a bold word; it shall drum, trumpet, shout, "and battle, 'egad, with any of the most warlike trage- "dies, either ancient or modern."

Conquest of Granada, in two parts.

Note 3. p. 49.

Smith. "Who is she?"

Bayes. "The sister of Drawcansir, a lady that was drowned "at sea, and had a wave to her winding-sheet."

On seas I bore thee, and on seas I dy'd;
I dy'd: and for a winding-sheet a wave
I had; and all the ocean for my grave.

Conquest of Granada, part II. p. 113.

Note 4. p. 51.

Bayes. "Since death my earthly part will thus remove,
"I'll come a humble bee to your chaste love:
"With silent wings, I'll follow you, dear coz;
"Or else before you in the sun-beams buz:
"And when to melancholy groves you come,
"An airy ghost, you'll know me by my hum:
"For sound being air, a ghost does well become.
"At night into your bosom I will creep,
"And buz but softly, if you chance to sleep;
"Yet in your dreams, I will pass sweeping by,
"And then both hum and buz before your eye."

In ridicule of this:

——————————My earthly part,
Which is my tyrant's right, death will remove;
I'll come all soul and spirit to your love.
With silent steps I'll follow you all day;
Or else before you in the sun-beams play.
I'll lead you hence to melancholy groves,
And there repeat the scenes of our past loves.
At night I will within your curtains peep;
With empty arms embrace you, while you sleep;
In gentle dreams I often will be by,
And sweep along before your closing eye;
All dangers from your bed I will remove,
But guard it most from any future love.
And when at last in pity you will die,
I'll watch your birth of immortality:
Then, turtle-like, I'll to my mate repair,
And teach you your first flight in open air.

Tyrannic Love, p. 25.

Note 5. p. 53.

Pal. "Lo! from this conquering lance
"Does flow the purest wine of France:
"And to appease your hunger, I
"Have in my helmet brought a pie;
"Lastly, to bear a part with these,
"Behold my buckler made of cheese."

See the Scene in The Villain, p. 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53:

Where the host furnishes his guests with a collation out of his clothes; a capon from his helmet, a tansey out of the lining of his cap, cream out of his scabbard, &c.

Note 6. p. 53.

K. Phys. " What man is this that dares disturb our feast?
Draw. " He that dares drink, and for that drink dares die:
" And knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I."

In ridicule of this:

Almah. Who dares to interrupt my private walk?
Alman. He who dares love, and for that love must die;
And knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.
Granada, part II. p. 114, 115.

Note 7. p. 54.

Bayes. " Now there are some critics that have advised me
" to put out the second *dare*, and print *must* in the place on't;
" but, 'egad, I think 'tis better thus a great deal."
It was at first *dares die.* Ibid.

Note 8. p. 54.

Draw. " You shall not know how long I here will stay;
" But you shall know I'll take your bowls away."
Alman. I would not now, if thou would'st beg me, stay;
But I will take my Almahide away.
Conquest of Granada, p. 32.

Note 9. p. 54.

K. Ush. " Tho', brother, this grum stranger be a clown,
" He'll leave us sure a little to gulp down.
Draw. " Whoe'er to gulp one drop of this dares think,
" I'll stare away his very pow'r to drink."

In ridicule of this:

Alman. Thou dar'st not marry her, while I'm in sight;
With a bent bow, thy priest and thee I'll fright:

And, in that scene, which all thy hopes and wishes should content,
The thoughts of me shall make thee impotent. *Ib.* p. 5.

Note 10. p. 54.

Draw. "I drink, I huff, I strut, look big, and stare;
"And all this I can do, because I dare."
Spite of myself, I stay, fight, love, despair;
And all this I can do, because I dare.
Granada, part II. p. 89.

Note 11. p. 57.

"Gods would themselves ungod themselves to see."

In ridicule of this:

Max. Thou liest: there's not a god inhabits there,
But for this Christian would all Heav'n forswear;
Ev'n Jove would try new shapes her love to win,
And in new birds and unknown beasts would sin;
At least, if Jove could love like Maximin.

Note 12. p. 57.

Pret. "Durst any of the gods be so uncivil,
"I'd make that god subscribe himself a devil."
Some god now, if he dare, relate what pass'd;
Say, but he's dead, that god shall mortal be. *Ib.* p. 7.
Provoke my rage no farther, lest I be
Reveng'd, at once, upon the gods and thee. p. 8.
What has the gods to do with me or mine? p. 57.

Note 13. p. 58.

"He is too proud a man to creep servilely after sense, I "assure you."

Poets, like lovers, should be bold, and dare;
They spoil their business with an over-care;
And he who servilely creeps after sense,
Is safe, but ne'er can reach to excellence.

Prologue to Tyrannic Love.

ACT V.

Note 1. p. 59.

K. Phys. "BUT stay!—What sound is this invades our
" ears?"
What various noises do my ears invade,
And have a concert of confusion made?

Siege of Rhodes, p. 4.

Note 2. p. 60.

1st King. "Haste, brother King, we are sent from above."
2d King. "Let us move, let us move;
" Move to remove the fate
" Of Brentford's long united state."
1st King. "Tarra, ran-tarra, full east and by south."
2d King. "We sail with thunder in our mouth,
" In scorching noon-day, whilst the traveller
" stays,
" Busy, busy, busy, busy we bustle along,
" Mounted upon warm Phœbus's rays,
" Through the heavenly throng,
" Hasting to those
" Who will feast us at night with a pig's petty toes."
1st King. "And we'll fall with our plate
" In an *ollio* of hate."
2d King. "But now the supper's done, the servitors try,
" Like soldiers, to storm a whole half-moon pye,

1st King. " They gather, they gather hot custards in
" spoons :
" But alas ! I must leave these half-moons,
" And repair to my trusty dragoons."
2d King. " Oh, stay ! for you need not as yet go astray ;
" The tide, like a friend, has brought ships in
" our way,
" And on their high ropes we will play ;
" Like maggots in filberts, we'll snug in our shell ;
" We'll frisk in our shell,
" We'll frisk in our shell,
" And farewel."
1st King. " But the ladies have all inclination to dance,
" And the green-frogs croak out a coranto of
" France."
2d King. " Now mortals that hear
" How we tilt and career,
" With wonder will fear,
" The event of such things as shall never appear."
1st King. " Stay you to fulfil what the gods have decreed."
2d King. " Then call me to help you, if there shall be need."
1st King. " So firmly resolv'd is a true Brentford King,
" To save the distress'd, and help to them bring,
" That e'er a full pot of good ale you can swallow,
" He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla."

In ridicule of this :

Naker. Hark, my Damilcar, we are call'd below.
Dam. Let us go, let us go ;
Go to relieve the care
Of longing lovers in despair.
Naker. Merry, merry, merry, we sail from the east,
Half tippied at a rainbow feast.

Dam. In the bright moonshine, while winds whistle loud,
Tivy, tivy, tivy, we mount and we fly,
All racking along in a downy white cloud;
And lest our leap from the sky should prove too far,
We slide on the back of a new falling star.

Naker. And drop from above,
In a jelly of love.

Dam. But now the sun's down, and the element's red,
The spirits of fire against us make head.

Naker. They muster, they muster, like gnats in the air;
Alas! I must leave thee, my fair,
And to my light-horsemen repair.

Dam. Oh, stay! for you need not to fear them to-night,
The wind is for us, and blows full in their sight:
And o'er the wide ocean we fight.
Like leaves in the autumn our foes will fall down,
And hiss in the water——

Both. And hiss in the water, and drown.

Naker. But their men lie securely intrench'd in a cloud,
And a trumpeter hornet to battle sounds loud.

Dam. Now mortals that spy,
How we tilt in the sky,
With wonder will gaze,
And fear such events as will ne'er come to pass.

Naker. Stay you to perform what the man will have done.

Dam. Then call me again when the battle is won.

Both. So ready and quick is a spirit of air,
To pity the lover and succour the fair,
That silent and swift, that little soft god
Is here with a wish, and is gone with a nod.

Tyrannic Love, p. 24, 25.

Note 3. p. 61.

Bayes. "This, sir, you must know, I once thought to "have brought in with a conjurer."

See Tyrannic Love, Act 4. *Scene* 1.

Note 4. p. 63.

"What dreadful noise is this, that comes and goes?
"*Sold.* Haste hence, great Sirs, your royal persons ave
"For the event of war no mortal knows:
"The army, wrangling for the gold you gave,
"First fell to words, and then to handy-blows."

In ridicule of this.

What new misfortune do these cries presage?
1st Mess. Haste all you can their fury to assuage,
You are not safe from their rebellious rage.
2d Mess. This minute, if you grant not their desire,
They'll seize your person, and your palace fire.

Granada, part II. p. 71.

Note 5. p. 65.

Bayes. "True; and so, 'egad I'll make it to a tragedy "in a trice."

Algatira and the Vestal Virgin are so contrived, by a little alteration towards the latter end of them, that they have been acted both ways, either as tragedies or comedies.

Note 6. p. 65.

"The description of the scene of Generals," &c.

There needs nothing more to explain the meaning of this battle, than the perusal of the First Part of the Siege of Rhodes, which was performed in recitative music, by seven

persons only; and the passage out of the Play-house to be Let.

Note 7. p. 65.

" Arm, arm, Gonsalvo, arm.

The Siege of Rhodes begins thus.

Admiral. Arm, arm, Valerius, arm."

Note 8. p. 65.

Gen. " Draw down the Chelsea cuirassiers."

The third entry thus.

Solym. Pyrrhus, draw down our amy wide;
Then from the gross two strong reserves divide,
And spread the wings,
As if we were to fight
In the lost Rhodian's sight,
With all the western kings.
Each with Janizaries line;
The right and left to Haly's sons assign;
The gross to Zangiban;
The main artillery
To Mustapha shall be:
Bring thou the rear, we lead the van.

Note 9. p. 65.

Lieut. " The band you boast of Chelsea cuirassiers,
" Shall in my Putney pikes now meet their peers."
More pikes! more pikes! to re-inforce
That squadron, and repulse the horse.

Play-house to be Let, p. 72.

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Note 10. p. 66.

Lieut. Gen. " Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,
" And let those recreant troops perceive mine ire."
Point all the cannon, and play fast;
Their fury is too hot to last.
That rampire shakes, they fly into the town.
Pyr. March up with those reserves to that redoubt.
Faint slaves! the Janizaries reel!
They bend, they bend, and seem to feel
The terrours of a rout.
Must. Old Zangar halts, and reinforcement lacks.
Pyr. March on.
Must. Advance those pikes, and charge their backs.

Note 11. p. 68.

Orb. " Who calls Terra Firma, pray?"
Luna. " Luna, that ne'er shines by day."
Orb. " What means Luna in a veil?"
Luna. " Luna means to shew her tail."

Phæb. Who calls the world's great light?
Aur. Aurora, that abhors the night.
Phæb. Why does Aurora, from her cloud,
To drousy Phœbus cry so loud? *Slighted Maid*, p. 80.

Note 12. p. 68.

Luna. " To-morrow soon, e'er it be noon,
" On Mount Vesuvio."
The burning Mount Vesuvio. *Ibid.* p. 81.

Note 13. p. 69.

Luna. " And I will drink nothing but Lippara wine."
Drink, drink wine, Lippara wine. *Ibid.* p. 81.

Note 14. p. 70.

" Come, I'll shew you how they shall go off. Rise, rise, " sirs, and go about your business. There's go off for you " now."

Valeria, daughter to Maximin, having killed herself for the love of Porphyrius, when she was to be carried off by the bearers, strikes one a box of the ear, and speaks to him thus:

Hold, are you mad, you damn'd confounded dog?
I am to rise, and speak the epilogue. *Tyrannic Love.*

PLAYS NAMED IN THIS KEY.

1. The Lost Lady. By Sir William Bromley.
2. Love and Honour. By Sir W. D'Avenant.
3. Love and Friendship.
4. Pandora. Both by Sir William Killigrew.
5. Play-house to be Let. By Col. Henry Howard.
6. Siege of Rhodes. Part I. By Sir W. D'Avenant.
7. United Kingdoms.
8. Slighted Maid. By Sir Robert Stapleton.
9. Wild Gallant. By Mr. Dryden.
10. English Monsieur. By Mr. James Howard.
11. The Villain. By Major Thomas Porter.
12. The Prologue to The Maiden Queen. By Mr. Dryden.
13. The Amorous Prince. By Mrs. Behn.
14. Tyrannic Love, and Prologue. By Mr. Dryden.
15. Granada, Two Parts. By Mr. Dryden.
16. Marriage-a-la-Mode. By Mr. Dryden.
17. Love in a Nunnery. By Mr. Dryden.

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